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GILBERT HAVEN, Editor.
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ARE YOU CHRIST'S.—The Apostle closes a burning climax with the exalting word, "For ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Are you Christ's? Many talk about Him commendably or the contrary. Who feels that he is His? What is such a feeling? That of entire dispossession by yourself. All unrenewed people have a fancy that they are their own. They can do what they will with themselves. They can employ their affections, their time, their money, their brains, on what they please. If they owe allegiance to any person, it is to those of their own household, or to human beings to whom they are indebted, not to Christ. They may have a blind thought of something due to God, but only in the sense of not violating any voice of conscience in themselves, that is, of not opposing their better self. Any thought of personal allegiance to Christ, they do not entertain. Any affection for Him, any solicitation of His guidance, any conference with Him as to the direction of their affairs, or the bestowment of their means, or time, or words, they do not for a moment entertain. They write books about Him, and never ask Him to help them in the composition. They prepare sermons, even on Him, and never implore His aid in the preparation. They rush into business without any consciousness that all their success must come from Him. They engage in their professions and pleasures, unmindful of Him by whom are all things, and for whom are all things. Be ye not like unto them. Do not disregard Christ. Ye are Christ's. Do you show it by frequent interviews with Him? You consult your partner; consult this Chief Partner. You even ask information of your clerks, workmen, servants. How much more of your Lord and Master. You seek wisdom of the thermometer and barometer. How much more of Him who maketh winds and weather. You ask advice of your wife how to spend your gains. How much more of Him who alone has given you anything to spend!

"Ye are Christ's," implies complete absorption in Him. He is all in all. He is your breath, your thought, your love, your wisdom, your business, your pleasure, your *alter Ego*, your other and greater self. You think His thoughts, feel His feelings, live His life. You are not your own. You are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. So live, so love. Then will you have perpetual peace and power. Then will nothing trouble you above your ability to easily bear. Then will you go forward cheerfully on the path of life, absorbing to yourself all that is good, repelling all that is bad, serene of soul, dwelling in the heavens. All are yours, because ye are Christ's and Christ is God's. Here and hereafter, life and death, time and eternity, finite and infinity, creature and Creator, man, angel, devil even, to conquer, heaven to dwell in, hell to subdue and shun, all are yours, for "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!"

The ninety-sixth Fourth of July has come and gone. Its usual crackers, fireworks, bell-rings, orations, and festivities of every sort are part of history. The nation moves steadily forward to its centennial. Most now living will witness it. It will be a great era in its history, something to tell children's children, something by which to mark the life of nations, and of the race. The last decade has greatly advanced the ideas of the Declaration. It has abolished our greatest danger, consolidated the Union into a nation, opened up all our territory to internal and easy communication, extended education and religion, and done much, even in other lands, for the blessing in of the great and acceptable year of our Lord. The next four years may hasten this work yet more rapidly, level many still tall towers of antichrist, and establish more widely the kingdom of Christ.

If the Church keeps humble and prayerful, if she clings to the cross, denies herself, and works for Jesus

in every line of reform, she will see the glad day breaking over all the earth. But if she sells herself to the enemy, if by complicity with the world, by love of money, by love of place, or pleasure, she connives at evil in her own borders, or without, she will put off the glorious, and bring on the evil day. Let her beware of prosperity. The present storm of infidelity will prove beneficial if it drive her to the cross. A like storm of financial or popular opposition might do like good. She must consider in this day of prosperity, or she will fall. Pray for the purity of Jerusalem. Pray for her courage against national and personal sins. Pray for her power with God. Then, and then only, will she have power with men.

GROWING CALM.—The action of the Bishops has already produced a very healthful effect. *The Christian Advocate* leads off in a pacificatory article. It has only one reflection on Dr. Lanahan, and those who have chosen to sustain him, whom it calls his "clique of abettors," which is not quite the way to speak of any brethren in the Church, in good and regular standing, especially by a paper which officially represents all the Church, and especially represents a Conference that almost unanimously sustains this brother. But it talks of the "good Bishops," mildly states its opinion on the functions of Agent and Assistant Agent, in which it differs from Bishop Ames, approves their mode of conduct at the trial, and properly advocates the removal of the Bishops from any direct intervention in those trials, which the *HERALD* last week advised, and which will be undoubtedly adopted; the Bishops being replaced by a Board, who will try the person the Book Committee suspends. We doubt a little "the sad condition of the Book Agency," of which it speaks. The two brethren in charge of it differ vitally as to its previous management. But they agree on the present management, which is economical and efficient. One of them is still under indictment, and is to be annoyed by a civil suit. If they and Bro. Goodenough would now agree, independent of Bishops, Book Committee, lawyers and courts, to leave all their points of difference to a Board of Referees, everything might be quietly settled. Bishop Janes says there must be and will be a thorough examination. He speaks the truth. The Church is calm, as he says, because it is assured that such a review will be made. How much better for the three brethren to arrange for it now. All their brethren of all opinions will greatly rejoice over such an agreement. Dr. Carlton, as the senior in years, and office, should make this offer to his junior, Dr. Lanahan; and Dr. Lanahan, as his superior in office, should make the like offer to Mr. Goodenough. If any other parties are involved in the examination, they should also be allowed to select their referees; or, better yet, they can all ask the Bishops and Book Committee to unanimously select them.

This whole trouble can thus be thoroughly settled, if these brethren will only fulfill in this particular the law of Christ. We urge them, as they love the Church, and we know they love it, not to keep this sore running. Let the suit come out of the court, and the professed proofs of the Assistant Agent go before a Board mutually agreed upon, with written pledges to abide by its decisions, and the Church will have peace in these troubled waters. Nothing disturbs her now but this affair. She can discuss every other question before her without wrath or bitterness. If New York will give us rest, we shall have rest indeed. But if the suit goes on, the books are to be overhauled for the defense, and the case is to be only partially set forth, as only points of it are involved in this conflict between the Assistant Agent and the late Superintendent of the Printing Department, and a continual wrangle is to fill the air. We trust *The Advocate* will urge this only right and only possible course

of reconciliation. It believes warmly in Dr. Carlton's integrity, which we have never doubted, and thinks he and his associates will "stand justified and approved." We urge it, then, to bring about this justification and approval, in the only possible way, an examination before a Board impartially selected by or for the parties involved.

All assertions prove nothing to nobody. Our faith in Dr. Carlton and Dr. Lanahan, both, is unshaken. We have heard both sides, and have no reason or right to doubt the sincerity of both. We have never examined the proofs either side offer. We have heard some of their papers, and listened to their statements. But we have never seen the books, receipts, vouchers, invoices, cash, and other accounts. What do we know of the truth of their contrary declarations? And yet we are as wise as all the rest. One of the Book Committee was in Europe when the investigations were going forward. He knows no more than did the rest of us. Another, who has been present from the start, and usually voted with the majority, informed us that all the charges of Dr. Lanahan had never been thoroughly traversed by the Committee.

If they had, the division of the Committee permanently and profoundly prevents their being an ultimate Board of Appeal. There must be a Board accepted by the contestants, or by those who control officially the contestants. If the *Advocate* and *Methodist* will unite in this appeal, it will ensure its adoption, and be the first step towards curing a deeper evil, the sad and constant estrangement of these two journals of the Church, published in the same city. They ought not to be in such constant collision. They should be united in aim and word, and then they will soon be united in fact. We ask all our journals, and these in particular, to speak the needed word for peace.

The *Transcript* shows its usual proclivity when it says of the vote on ale and beer, that the municipalities that voted spoke with emphasis, and in their verdict represented the general sentiment of the Commonwealth: "The whole thing is a farce, unworthy of the name of moral reform." To prove this a farce, it sums up all the cities that voted, and gives their aggregate vote, 15,113 yeas to 7,852 nays. If it had taken Boston alone from this summary, it would have reduced that majority to 2,335, and had it dropped off Springfield, which always has been a rum town, from its nearness to New York and Connecticut, and from the influence of its *Republican*, the majority would almost have gone the other way. The fact is, the people of Massachusetts are opposed to the sale of beer and lager, and they will show it in a way that will convince possibly even the *Transcript*, if the Republican party put up a free liquor candidate for Governor. The municipalities are not Massachusetts, nor is their German, Irish, and whiskey American vote, the sentiment of this State, as all enemies of Prohibition will yet learn.

The Boston vote on Beer was better than we anticipated; nearly fifteen hundred voters said "No" to the request of the Lager Bier makers and sellers for the privilege of plying their miserable trade. Over seven thousand said "Yes," showing how great is the demoralization of the city. The journals generally favored them, only two, *The Traveller* and *The News* steadfastly opposing them. This fifteen hundred votes is a good sign. It shows that there are a goodly number who are not deceived by the cry of loss of business, or the triviality of the drink, or any other pretenses. If they hold on, they will yet conquer the town. Chelsea voted "No," as did Fall River, and New Bedford. Cambridge, Worcester, Springfield, and Northampton voted "Yes." Newburyport, of course, surrendered to the enemy. But the battle is not ended. It is only begun again. Let us not be weary in well-doing.

Original and Selected Papers.

MY FRIEND, THE SEA.

BY CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

All year long my friend, the sea,
Waits for me;
Waits, although she never stays,
But back and forward flows;
Yet her beauty ne'er decays,
Never goes.
All year long the mighty sea
Waits for me.

Every day the tide goes down,
Creeping down,
Till the beach is bare and brown,
And the stones where waves have whirled,
Tossed and swirled,
Lie all dry beneath the sun,
Edged with sea-weed damp and dun,
Darkly dun.

Then a tiny wave far out,
Moves about,
Up a little way doth creep,
Nestles like a child asleep,
Dreams again, and then awakes,
Curts and breaks,
Laughing shyly at its fun,
Its own fun.

Now the sun sets, and the west,
Crimson-drest,
Lends the east a rosy hue,
And a tinge of purple-blue,
Melting into tender gray
Far away,
Where it meets a snowy sail,
Lazy sail.

And I look beyond a hill,
Green and still,
Thinking, "There Friend Sea doth wait,
Keeping her own queenly state,
Until comes midsummer late,
And I leap into her arms,
Her dear arms."

THE PONTIFICAL PARADE IN ST. LOUIS.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE, D. D.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pontifical reign of Pius IXth was celebrated in the city of St. Louis, with such a degree of pomp and ceremony, with such enthusiasm of numbers, magnificence of display, and splendor of demonstration, as could hardly have been surpassed in any city of the world. The celebration began on the 16th of June, the anniversary of the Pope's election, attained a high degree of interest on the 21st, the anniversary of his coronation, and reached its consummation of imposing and resplendent pageantry, on Sabbath, the 25th, when the grandest religious demonstration ever witnessed in St. Louis took place. By a procession, six miles in extent, with from 15,000 to 25,000 people in line, marching to the music of a score or more of bands, bearing flags, banners and devices of every description, through streets decorated for the occasion, and packed with thousands of interested and enthusiastic spectators, and followed at night with an illumination which set the city ablaze, did the Romanists of St. Louis testify their devotion to the old man of the Vatican, and display to Protestant eyes their numbers, resources, enthusiasm, and strength. Some fifty different parishes and religious societies were represented in the procession. The Irish and German element largely predominated, but every color and nationality moved in the harmonious throng. The Pope's likeness frequently appeared, and his colors were constantly displayed. The beer and rum-shops were open all along the line of march, and it is said that there were frequent breaks from the procession in order to bestow on them an approving smile; but it ought, at the same time to be stated, that the Temperance organizations taking part in the demonstration were imposing in numbers, and unsurpassed in splendor of appearance. The "Roman Catholic Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society" displayed seven hundred members in line, and it was remarked by one of the daily journals that "they formed a living and irrefutable argument in favor of total abstinence, for they compared favorably with the finest body of men in the procession." The "Father Matthew Temperance Society," which receives no members under sixteen years of age, or over thirty-five, numbered five hundred, made a very splendid appearance, and elicited universal admiration.

The mottoes and devices on the various banners were emphatically Romish in their character, as the following specimens will show:—"Virgo, immaculata ora pro nobis;" "Sancte Michael ora pro nobis;" "Sancte Patrici ora pro nobis;" "Maria sine labe concepta ora pro nobis." "I believe because the Church has said so." "We are coming, Holy Father, 100,000 strong." "Pius IXth, infallible representative of Jesus," "Grand Jubilee: Pius IXth, the first Pope twenty-five years on the

Holy See of St. Peter, June 21, 1871," and many others of a similar character. Great numbers of houses along the line of march were adorned with wreaths and banners, and the illumination at night included so many private residences, that whole sections of the city were in a glow of light. The churches, schools, convents, asylums, etc., of the Romish Church, were, of course, in a blaze of lighted candles, showing variegated colors, and displaying wreaths of evergreens, portraits of the Pope, and significant inscriptions. Sky-rockets were sent up from the towers of the churches, and Chinese lanterns swinging from street to street, transparencies everywhere exhibited, and strains of music coming from numerous bands in balconies and steeples, made the city seem more like the night of the Fourth of July than like the evening of a holy Sabbath. No services were held in the Romish churches in the afternoon of the day, and it is said that even the morning services were shortened, in order that time might be secured for the coming procession. The Mission Sabbath Schools of the Protestant churches were seriously disturbed, and an outdoor preaching service on the levee had to be omitted for the want of auditors. For the first time, since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, not a rough or a rosbout was to be found on the levee. Every last man had gone to take his place in the procession, or to behold the grand Papal show.

Never was the Romish strength in this great metropolis of the West so fully demonstrated as in this Pontifical parade. The character of its adherents, the love of show, and the disposition to appeal to the senses which inheres in the system, and its utter disregard of the sanctity of the Sabbath, were also forcibly demonstrated.

This superstitious reverence for a throneless Pope, and recognition of his authority as the head of the Church, has its root, after all, in the idea that he is the vicar or appointed representative of Jesus Christ, whose sway over humanity is so wide and so constantly extending in the earth. There are many important lessons to be learned by Protestants from this great Pontifical Jubilee which has been celebrated from the banks of the Tiber to the banks of the Mississippi—in every climate and country, civilized and pagan, under the whole heavens.

The political power of Romanism in this country is deserving of serious consideration. Perhaps not more than one man out of every ten in the United States is a Romanist; but then the Papal influence is doubled by its unification, by its priestly control over the masses, and by its concentration in great cities, at centres of wealth, population, and power. That it is in distinct and positive alliance with one of the great political parties in the country, no intelligent man can question. As a political power, Romanism was on the side of the rebellion, an upholder of slavery, and a drag on the nation. The opposition to the draft, the virulent copperheadism, the mob violence and outrage which dishonored and imperiled the Republic, were most manifest where it was strongest. It is instinctively the enemy of free schools, of free speech, and of free political institutions. It is an ecclesiastical despotism, and in sympathy with every form of despotism.

Our pernicious electoral system, by which we choose a President, gives it a measure of political power which it could not otherwise obtain. We choose Electors on a general ticket by the vote of States, and so give to a few corrupt or fraudulent ballots, an immense significance. Romanism, for instance, can dictate the vote of New York city, and through the city decide the suffrage of the State, and so cast its entire electoral vote in a Presidential struggle, decisive, perhaps, of the fate of the nation. The safety of the Republic demands the choice of Electors by districts. Benton, Van Buren, and other leading statesmen saw this years ago, and endeavored to secure it; but the nation was not prepared to accept their wisdom. The selection of a President by States is full of peril, is opposed to the genius of democracy, and makes possible, what has happened more than once in our political history, the choice of a supreme Executive by a minority of ballots.

Educationally, we must maintain our free schools, and establish them in the midst of every Papal population. Many will be kept away by the priests, but many others will come within their influence and experience, their benefits. Compulsory education, by national authority, for every child in the land, in unsectarian schools, is the consummation to be desired.

Religiously, we ought to do more for the conversion of the Romanists, to draw their children into our Mission Sunday-schools, and to circulate amongst them our religious papers and tracts. Even in the most bigoted Papal sections, something can be done by persistent kindness to win the children of Romanists to the Protestant faith, as has been abundantly proved in this city. And adult sinners, full of prejudice and bitterness, may also be reached, by the force of Divine truth, and the power of

the Holy Spirit. Methodism will not be Methodism when it despairs of the conversion of any sinner out of hell. The Romish Church is yet to be reformed, and to become a mighty instrument for the world's salvation. And for these Gospel triumphs let us continue to labor and pray.

St. Louis June 26, 1871.

THE SECOND TIME.

"And when He had spit on his eyes, and put his hand upon him, He asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees walking. After that, He put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up; and he was restored, and saw every man clearly."

Would we say that after the first there was no need of the second, or because of the second, the first was of no account? No; both were the work of Jesus, and both needed. How much time passed between, we know not, but from the trees walking, to the clear sight, was the greater, more glorious change.

In early youth I was converted to God, as I now believe. I well remember the earnest prayers, the long struggle, the prayer-meeting in the little school-house, when a dear friend—what a peculiar love we have for such—laid her hand on my shoulder, and said: "H—, have you given your heart to God?" A burst of tears was the only answer. "Then give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids until you have found the Saviour." And I did not. I can mark the hallowed spot where, before I slept, I knelt and gave my heart to God, and I was very happy.

"There couldn't be much change in H—, you know; she is young, and always so cheerful, only all day she has been singing,—

"O how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey."

said one to another, next day.

I joined myself to the people of God. But so strange it seemed to me, that as soon as the first flush of excitement was over, there was a disheartened feeling, a sort of, "Is this all?" upon everything. I very soon became a teacher in the Sunday-school, took an active part in the ladies' prayer-meeting, and by earnest works strove to build up a peace within.

It both amuses and saddens me now to know the testimonies of some of my scholars. "There were a great many things about her I didn't like, but she was about the best Sunday-school teacher I ever had." "Why, you used to explain the Bible beautifully; but you never asked us if we were Christians, or urged us to come to Jesus."

As I had received Christ, so I walked in Him. As I had believed, so was it done unto me. I only saw men as trees walking all those years; and when I came to the rough, thorny places in my life-path, I had no oil in the vessel with my lamp, and it went out—it went out in the very worst place. I had depended upon that alone, and it left me in a horror of great darkness. I had no foothold, and I sank in the deep waters.

A little time previous to this I had become acquainted with one who, from the first time I saw him, had been a study to me. There was that quietness and confidence about him that showed the conflict over, the question settled. He seemed to have a kind of at-home-ness with God and Divine things; lightly scaled the heights of Christian experience, where I longed to follow—but was left dizzy at the base. His prayers, too, were so strange, always seemed to begin in the middle, and only the "Amen" marked the closing sentence, like a broad, steady stream of light across which I passed, yet knew that it shone there still. I know now that he had, what I then knew nothing about, a living, personal, present Saviour; and by him God sent the word that drew me to the "Great Enlightener," who put His hands upon my eyes the second time, and made me look up, and I saw every man clearly; and from that moment to this, I have never been able to doubt that I am a child of God—a wayward one, to be sure, and I give Him much trouble, but ever His, and He loves me. From that moment I ceased from my own works, and entered the rest of faith, a broad, firm foundation of peace and trust, and the superstructure is joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

Do I always have sensible tokens of His presence? Is that needed? Would you have a mother perpetually caressing and fondling her child? Or, if she ceased to do so, would it be any less her child, or would her love be less? I know whom I have believed, and He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him.

Do I have no trials now? Some of the most bitter I have ever had, but with this mighty difference, they come from a tender, loving Father, and by them the axe was laid at the root of self-love, and there has grown up in its place a more entire oneness with the will of God, and, I humbly trust, more of a likeness to Christ. And I never expect to be faultless, until He who keeps me from falling, presents me before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

I know this full salvation, this entire trust in "the blood that cleanseth from all sin," must be a grand thing to take to the work of the Master's vineyard, to do battle with Satan's hosts; for I find it a glorious thing to keep with me in the isolation, the privation and pain of these years and years of unyielding disease. And I believe those who doubt that it can be attained and enjoyed in this life, are those who trust to their own works, and not in the finished, perfect work of Christ; and how it must grieve Him. "Have I been so long time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

Holiness of heart is God's work, not ours, but he must have an entire surrender of heart, and will, and all, before He can work that mighty work in us. Would you expect an artist to paint you a gorgeous picture, and take from him his canvass or his colors? Would you have God overstep his own law, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and expect him to give you rest where you are? And will you say that He who is able to redeem, is not able also to sanctify? Did you receive from Him the spirit of bondage again to fear, or did you refuse the spirit of adoption, whereby you might cry, Abba Father.

There are those who come to me in this life of mine, and one who hovers about me, to whom, I believe, has been given the white stone, and the new name. I know it by their precious prayers, by their likeness to the Master, and by their holy living, who yet would think it the height of presumption to go beyond the meagre, "I hope I am a Christian," when God is every moment ready to show them great and mighty things they have not known; ready to show them that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sin.

O, if they only would loose their tongues and speak plain. If they only would draw near, and put their fingers in the print of the nails, and thrust their hands in the dear side, and cry, "My Lord and my God," what a glorious change there would be; what a power for good would they be in the Church. One of them could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

I turn back the light God has given me, over the pure and guileless life of my precious mother, now years in heaven, and it shows me that all along she was a perfect Christian, only she dared not put forth her hand, and take unto herself the full assurance of faith that God had ready for her, lest flesh should glory in His presence. So that she was all her lifetime subject to bondage, and felt that she must only hope.

But, thank God, "at evening-time there was light." Four days before her death, as we were watching about her, there seemed a sudden pause in the inward working of thought, that had given such a look of unrest to the dear face. She looked up quickly. "I am going home to Jesus—Jesus—Jesus." It seemed to me that I had never heard the word "home" or "Jesus" before. What a change was there! She seemed transfigured before us. The timid, shrinking one had become strong in the Lord. The disquiet and the unrest had passed away forever. She was in green pastures, beside still waters; she leaned on the arm of her Beloved, and knew that He was hers, and she was His. Wondrously beautiful grew that face, with God's own seal upon it, light from within, and light from above, and while the days went on, and when the last faint breath went out, I believe there was no change in her, only the change of place. He who had sanctified her was with her here, and took her to the mansion long prepared for her there.

Need she have waited so long? Need any wait so long? Jesus of Nazareth passeth by continually, and whosoever will, may be made every whit whole.

H. L. F.

WHICH WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

Look at those two men who went up to the temple to pray. That bold, proud, well-dressed Pharisee, satisfied with himself stands in the centre of the court and prays with well-made sentences, and surely those who look upon him will say, "There is the gentleman of the age; but as Jesus comes into the hall, he points to that plainly-clad Publican who stands with trembling knees and bowed head in that obscure corner near the door, and prays in broken words for mercy, and Jesus tells us that this one, "rather than the other," is the Christian gentleman.

On that wild and rocky path that leads from Jerusalem to Jericho, lies a man near that dark pass in the mountains who has been left "half dead" by robbers. That well-dressed Levite who looked upon him a few moments ago, and found that he was one of the common people, and passed on, showed his breeding as a gentleman in saving himself from the touch of such a man; that priest, who glances scornfully upon the penniless sufferer as he passes by on the other side, shows that he is of high blood, that must not be contaminated with the common crowd. Surely they are gentlemen complete! But Jesus, by some strange oversight of their Jewish

rank, and fine clothes, points us to that low-born Samaritan, bending over the suffering man, softly wiping away the ugly clots of blood, binding up his wounds, turning back from his journey, mounting him on his own beast, and praying for him at the inn and tells us that this Samaritan is the only gentleman of the three. In the public gardens of Boston you may see his monument, on a thousand hospitals you may see his name. Where are the monuments and hospitals that honor the manhood of the priest and Levite?

Around that box at the temple into which the people drop their gifts of charity, you can hear the rustle of silks and the tinkle of jewelry, as those well-dressed ladies drop in their gold, but how they knit their brows and draw back their dresses as that poor widow in her threadbare garments with her poorly-dressed little one in her arms, crowds up toward the box and drops in those two mites. No one thanks her, although it is "all her living;" but Christ tells us that this poor, meek, gentle giver is a lady "more than they all."

Ten lepers cried out for help, as Jesus passed by. "As they went" in the path which he had pointed out, "they were cleansed."

Those who were Jews went on their way. One, a low Samaritan, came back, and on his knees uttered his thanks. Was not "this stranger" a gentleman above all the other nine?

If you had inquired in the streets of Jerusalem, in the Bible days for their best specimen of a gentleman, they would have shown you a man with a long beard, and tall cap, with a breastplate full of precious stones and garments of richest silk and purple, and said, "This is he."

But Christ took a little playful child from the crowd that gathered about him, and set him in their midst as their model, and said, "Except ye become as little children" etc.

Gentleness is the first qualification of a gentleman. "In regard to malice, be ye children."

CALLENE FISK.

"RUN, SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN!"

AN INCIDENT.

One Sabbath evening, while returning from public worship, I overtook a young man, a stranger to me, and invited him to a seat in my carriage. After a brief conversation, I introduced the subject of personal piety, by inquiring if he enjoyed the consolations of religion. His reply was, that though the importance of a change of heart had long been impressed on his mind, he had not become a Christian. I urged him to come to a speedy decision, to seek God with all his heart, to make a preparation for heaven the first and great object of life. I endeavored to direct him to the Saviour as able, willing, and waiting to save every penitent sinner that would trust in Him; and urged him to improve all the means of grace, and cease no effort till he should find peace with God. We parted. The next morning he left the place to reside in another town. He followed the advice given, and in a few days was happy in the forgiveness of sins. A few months subsequent to this time he called on me, and after informing me of his conversion, and his delight in the service of Christ, he alluded to our former conversation. "That," said he, "was the first time I was ever addressed directly on the subject of personal piety, and but for that inquiry and advice of yours, I might never have obtained religion."

My heart was filled with gratitude that God had rendered that interview instrumental in his conversion. Other reflections also passed through my mind. How many opportunities of addressing, not only him but others, had Christians and ministers neglected! "I may be repulsed," "It will do no good," say they, while the friend or the stranger may be desirous of obtaining direction and encouragement in seeking salvation. Diligence in improving providential opportunities, and faithfulness in recommending religion, will turn many to righteousness, will lead many souls to Heaven.

OLD-FASHIONED METHODISM.

The oldest Methodism is so young that if the "old-fashioned" kind was so very different from what our eyes see, this Methodism must be very susceptible of change. We used to think there might have been more of the millennium on earth in the days of old-fashioned Methodism.

We have recently looked up some of those old fashions, and they are such curiosities that we put a few on exhibition.

1. The old-fashioned Methodism required "all the preachers to change once in six months." We wonder if anybody wants this feature of old-fashioned Methodism restored!

2. Asbury presided in the then one Conference, who adopted this rule: "In what light shall we view those preachers who receive money by subscription? *Ans.* As excluded from the Methodist connection." How degenerate is the Methodism of our day!

3. About funeral sermons. "Let all the preachers

inform every society that we will not preach any but for those who we think died in the fear and favor of God." In this respect we should have to vote for the new-fashioned Methodism.

4. But there was an old fashion in singing that we fancy. It forbid "repeating the same words so often especially while another repeats different words, as it shocks all common sense, and has no more religion in it than a Lancashire hornpipe."

5. But the old fashion respecting marriage fees would be hard on some [all?] ministers in these days. We will on no account whatsoever suffer any elder or deacon among us to receive a fee or present for administering the ordinance of marriage."

The men who adopted these rules, and observed them, were worthy men. They honored God, and were blessings to the world. Reverently, though sometimes amused, we look upon their footprints. The cut of the coat, and the trimming of the bonnet were not the only fashions of "old-fashioned Methodism."—*Vermont Messenger.*

DRIFTING.

The *New York Advocate* illustrates a story of Dr. Cheever's, of sailing sixty miles one way, and finding themselves thirty the other, with these applications:—

"Changes in the theological world quite as often as in the political, result from drifting. The Church has constantly floated away from its periods of purity and reformation into seas where deadly calms reign, or has been slowly and unconsciously borne along by fatal tides into dangerous quicksands of unbelief. There have been continued eras of recovery necessary under special divine providences, as in the German and English Reformations, to warp the spiritual Church back again into its true channel. But still the Church drifts. Formulated creeds and books of discipline, like so many buoys, point out the deep water, and, at the same time, serve to show how considerable a proportion of the fleet is between them and a dangerous shore, floating toward it. The noticeable tendency at this hour among Christian teachers and their people is to drift. Liberal minds so called, naturally become more liberal. Many of the young ministers in those churches called, to distinguish them, orthodox, pride themselves on account of their relief from all the embarrassments of creeds, and interpret Scripture with remarkable freedom, and in the interest of a very elastic Gospel; and they continue to drift. Some falling into a more violent current, or aiding it by their native impetuosity, float more rapidly outside their former channels, and enter at once into as they esteem them to be, broader seas."

HOW THEY DRINK IN SARATOGA—NOT WATER, BUT WINE AND WHISKEY.

During the last fashionable season at Saratoga, says the *Progress*, the Grand Union Hotel was open one hundred and twelve days. The daily wine room receipts were \$1,000, and the bar receipts averaged \$600 per day. So the amount spent for liquors at this one hotel in Saratoga, last summer, was \$123,200 for wine, and 69,200 for other drinks, making a total of nearly two hundred thousand dollars for the 26,870 guests entertained, during the heated term, at the mammoth rum-hell! And Saratoga is a city of hotels, and besides it we have Long Branch, Cape May, Newport, and a thousand fashionable places of dissipation. These are startling facts, as they stand; they are but samples of what is common all over the land; they are the imprints which indicate the condition of the whole mass. What can we say for the progress made in human development, the intelligence, moral sense, political or domestic economy of any State, town or community, which tolerates such a woful state of affairs? It is time we had a birth of new intellectual and moral sense; a disgust for such perverted appetites; a profound conviction of wrong done in the wasting of so much money; a desire to rise above those beastly convictions left us by former generations of sensual habits, when the appetites were pandered, and the passions fed more than the brains were cultivated."—*Northern Independent.*

DICKENS AND HIS WIFE.

I have no tenderness for Mr. Dickens. I do not believe in his deep soul of truth and goodness, or in his noble and pure sympathy with what is highest and best. "I desire, in the most public and unreserved manner," to declare that a regiment of Little Nells and Tiny Tims cannot redeem the man who publicly dishonors the mother of his many children. Mr. Dickens, holding the pen of a ready writer, told his story glibly to the world. Mrs. Dickens, suffering the deepest wound a woman can know, has remained steadfastly silent. The wife's silence is full of dignity; the husband's speech bristles with disgrace. He feels no shame in saying that he lived with a woman as his wife, exacting from her all the duties and enforcing all the sufferings of a wife, until he had consumed all the vigor of her youth; and that he has then turned her away, and announces to the world that she was unfit for him! He feels no shame in saying, virtually, that, while this woman was living in his house as his wife, another woman was also in his house, holding in regard both to himself and his children a position which belonged to the legal wife and mother. England is beating her obstinate head against marriage with a deceased wife's sister; but here it is a living wife's sister superseding the living wife. It was Mr. Dickens who made this public property. By his last will and testament he even stretched his dead hand out of the grave to injure his discarded wife; and neither in this world, nor the next, nor the world after the next, shall a man escape the cordial hatred of at least one heart for such coarse and shameless selfishness.—*GAIL HAMILTON, in The Independent.*

For the Children.

WHAT IS SOUND?

A sound came booming through the air —
 "What is that sound!" quoth I.
 My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
 Made answer, presently,
 "Papa, you know it very well —
 That sound — it was Saint Pancras Bell."

"My own Louise, put down the cat,
 And come and stand by me;
 I'm sad to hear you talk like that,
 Where's your philosophy?
 That sound — attend to what I tell —
 That sound was not Saint Pancras Bell."

"Sound is the name the sage elects
 For the concluding term
 Of a long series of effects,
 Of which that blow's the germ.
 The following brief analysis
 Shows the interpolations, Miss."

"The blow which, when the clapper slips,
 Falls on your friend, the Bell,
 Changes its circle to ellipse
 (A word you'd better spell),
 And then comes elasticity,
 Restoring what it used to be."

"Nay, making it a little more,
 The circle shifts about,
 As much as they shrank in before
 The Bell, you see, swells out;
 And so a new ellipse is made
 (You're not attending, I'm afraid)."

"This change of form disturbs the air,
 Which in its turn behaves
 In like elastic fashion there;
 Creating waves on waves;
 Which press each other onward, dear,
 Until the outmost finds your ear."

"Within that ear the surgeons find
 A tympanum, or drum,
 Which has a little bone behind, —
 Malleus, it is called by some;
 Those not proud of Latin Grammar,
 Humbly translate it as the hammer."

"The wave's vibration this transmits
 On to this incus bone,
 (Incus means anvil, which it hits),
 And this transfers the tone
 To the small os orbiculare,
 The tiniest bone that people carry."

"The stapes next — the name recalls
 A stirrup's form, my daughter —
 Joins three half-circular canals,
 Each fill'd with limpid water;
 Their curious lining, you'll observe,
 Made of the auditory nerve."

"This vibrates next — and then we find
 The mystic work is crown'd;
 For then my daughter's gentle Mind
 First recognizes sound.
 See what a host of causes swell
 To make up what you call the 'Bell.'"

Awhile she paused, my bright Louise,
 And ponder'd on the case;
 Then, settling that he meant to tease,
 She slapp'd her father's face.
 "You bad old man, to sit and tell
 Such gibberish about a Bell!"

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

SPRING WORK.

BY ANNA WARNER.

CHAPTER VI.

"He that observeth the wind, shall not sow."

"Richard," said Mrs. Peaseley next morning as they sat at breakfast, "I want you to drop everything to-day and go hunt up that Jammy Lucas. It'll take a man to find him, I reckon."

"Shouldn't wonder," said young Peaseley, giving close attention to his breakfast.

"So you must go," pursued Mrs. Peaseley.

"Dick's bespoken to-day, mother, 'fore you took it up," said the old Squire. "He's seedin' down that 'ere hill-top next to Joe Comstock's. Likely job, ain't it, Dick?"

"First-rate, sir."

"Seedin', is he?" said Mrs. Peaseley, — "then his hand 'll be in to scatter somethin' round Vinegar Hill."

"Guess that job 'll hev' 't wait a spell," said the Squire. "Finish the hilltop to-day, Dick?"

Young Peaseley laughed.

"Which of 'em?" he said. "Don't see ever in the world how I'm to manage both."

"I mean the seedin'," said Squire Peaseley.

"So do I," said his wife. "Think of a hill that never gets planted, Dick, — as you telled me yesterday about my cleanin'."

"That's fair, mother," said the young man, growing grave. "But just look out once!"

Yes, it was a day of farming perfection. Clear, bright, with cool sunbeams that came streaming down into the world with a promise to warm it up by and by. The air still and fragrant, the birds in full song.

"Everything's just on the jump, mother," said Richard Peaseley, with a deprecating look.

"It don't stand still down there, I tell ye," said Mrs. Peaseley.

"It's more'n time the seed was in!"

"With the children growin' up and dyin' off so fast," said his mother.

"There — there," said young Peaseley, quitting the table, — "you've got the best of it. I'll have to give in. But it might rain to-morrow, — and then I could go just as well as not."

"And you might sprain your ankle and then you couldn't," said Mrs. Peaseley, beginning to put the dishes together. "I guess it's gen'rally safe to see to the Lord's work first."

"So it is, so it is," said the old Squire, while Richard went off without another word. "Still, mother, the hilltop's pressin'."

"You'd think so, if you'd been there once," said his wife. "I declare, Squire, I don't know what we've been thinkin' of, all these years. It's a wonder to me that every prayer for the world didn't stick in our throats and choke us, right then and there, for sayin' what we didn't mean."

"Why, my dear!" said Squire Peaseley, "we did mean it, sure."

"We meant it should be done without much of our help, then," said Mrs. Peaseley, bustling about. "Tell ye, Squire, if I was to sit all day hopin' the rooms was clean, you'd have a house worth lookin' at."

"Tain't exactly your way, mother," said Squire Peaseley, with a laugh, "and I never heered no one charge it agin ye."

"It isn't going to be any longer," said Mrs. Peaseley, dousing her cups in the scalding water. "And I don't want it should be Dick's. He's most a first-class farmer now," she went on, with glistening eyes, "and I want to see him tip-top." And Mrs. Peaseley stopped talking and gave all heed to her work, and the old Squire filled his pipe with sundry reflections, apparently, and soberly smoked them out, one by one.

As for Richard himself, he went off with an air that said he had more on his mind than he could manage. What a day it was! what a press of spring work hailed him on every side! Things on the jump, as he had said, and all seeming to need attention at once. How could he take half a day — and of such a day — to work on the waste lands outside his own neat premises? Couldn't Vinegar Hill wait, as his father had said? Could it? — "Children dying and growing up," — yes, that was all true: and young Peaseley had not forgotten his adventure in the barnyard when the snow lay deep. Yet still —. The young farmer strode back and forth across his beautiful hilltop, scattering the grain with an even hand, but with strange thoughts and words doing their own work the while.

"White already to the harvest," — could that be true of Vinegar Hill? His own fields were not in a hurry like that. Vinegar Hill, — that nest of thistles! Then came back his mother's story of what the Lord himself had gathered there, — how could such things "wait?" How could his own? "Well, I don't see but one of 'em's got to!" said Richard Peaseley, aloud to himself, pausing a moment and emphasizing his words with a blow on the bar post. "And if one of 'em has," he went on slowly, "after what I've promised, I don't see but it's got to be mine. Guess I didn't just say I'd give the Lord all the time I could spare. And if I meant what I said — and I did mean it, too — stands to reason his work comes first. There's no doubt but I wish he hadn't set me about it to-day, though!" — with which frank confession Richard went down the field with steady steps, his mind in the case of a right determination.

Walking briskly on, full of thoughts and cogitations, Richard Peaseley's quick eye suddenly caught sight of something near the fence, — as if something had appeared for but a second from behind it. A flourishing clump of wild plums which grew just there, hindered his seeing very distinctly, but that something had started out and darted in, he felt sure. Was it a bird? a snake? Perhaps, — no, he thought not. Walking on his brisk way, which brought him nearer and nearer to the fence, and still sowing his grain with the same even, steady cast, young Peaseley noticed how near his coat and lunch-pail were to the fence. The coat hanging on an outstanding plum bush, which per favor of a rocky bit of ground had been allowed a place within the field, and the little bright tin lunch-pail standing close beneath it. Looking closer from under his broad straw hat, and advancing nearer every minute, the young farmer saw a bit of rag fluttering among the bushes on the outside. Not fluttering as if fast on one of the twigs, but as if some moving, breathing thing helped on its motion.

"Best move my traps further off, I guess," was Richard's first thought.

"Then he'll go right on and steal from somebody else," was the second.

Richard was generally quick in determination. Lithe, agile, light of foot, he was at the fence and had thrown

himself over it, before the rag owner had time to even guess what was coming, and had him fast — not by the collar, for there was none — but by the shoulder, beyond all hope of escape. A tall, loosely-built boy; his dress ragged in the extreme, his face all white with fear under the shadow of his long, tangled hair.

"Let me be!" he cried, fiercely. "I ain't teched nothin'. Let go, I say!"

"Who are you?" said young Peaseley, holding fast his prize.

"None o' yer business," said the boy, in the same tone.

"And what were you doing here, watching me?" pursued Richard.

"Warn't," said the boy. "Ain't so handsome as as yer think."

"Look here," said Richard Peaseley, giving the boy a little shake, "this won't do. Speak up like a man and answer."

"Tell ye I warn't a-doin' nothin'," said the boy, beginning to whimper; "jest a lookin' — that was all."

"Looking at my lunch-pail," said the young farmer.

"Didn't hurt ye none, did it? — ef I was," said the boy.

"Are you hungry?" said Richard, eyeing the boy's gaunt cheeks.

"How's you?" inquired the boy, — "when yer's ain't had breakfast and don't expect supper?"

"Like a bear!" said Richard, throwing his mind into the case for the sake of the argument.

"Jest," — the boy answered, concisely.

"Now what's your name?" said the young man.

"You've got to tell, boy, so you'd as good be about it." The boy twisted and whimpered.

"Let me be!" he said. "I's Wily Poll. And I aint done nothin' to yer, nor teched yer. Didn't see yer for a spell."

"Ah! I daresay," said Richard. "Now Wily Poll, if you'll come in and sit down and be quiet, I'll give you some of my lunch; but just as sure as you start to run away I'll take you home and lock you up. D'ye hear?"

Wily Poll gave sullen assent, looking up defiantly at his captor.

"Come in, then," said Richard, seating himself on the fence so as to keep hold of the boy until he was well in the field. "Now we'll go off to that tree and eat our lunch there."

"Bushes is good enough," said Wily Poll, with a longing glance towards his late shelter.

"They aint good enough for me," said young Peaseley, — "come on."

And on they went, to the very centre of the field, where a tall hickory cast a soft spring shadow from its young leaves.

"Know how to run?" he inquired, as he seated the boy on a broad flat stone beneath the tree.

"Mebbe I does — and mebbe I don't," said the boy, cautiously.

"Well I do," said Richard. "Faster'n anybody you ever saw. I'll try a race with you any time you like, but we'll have something to eat first."

And as he opened the bright pail, the savory mingling of sweet bread and butter, and pie, and cheese, and cake, which floated out, quite mastered Wily Poll, and banished all thoughts of running for the present.

"I say!" — he ejaculated. "Hi!"

"Doesn't your mother make such things?" inquired Richard Peaseley, handing the boy a great piece of pie and a 'quirl cake.'

"Aint got none, — nary one o' the six," answered Wily Poll, taking the pie and cake in alternate bites.

"Who does your father have to take care of the house?" said Richard, leaning back against the tree, pie in hand, and surveying his charge.

"Aint got none o' them neither," returned the boy.

"Neither father nor house!" said his questioner.

"Where do you live, Wily Poll?"

"Round," — was Wily Poll's reply.

"What do you do all day?"

"Goes huntin'," said the boy, with a sly gleam of the eyes.

"O! that's it," said Richard. "And at night? — what do you do then? where do you sleep?"

"Aint noways partic'lar," said Wily Poll, finishing his pie. "If it's hay, it's hay; and if it's a waggin, it's a waggin."

"And if it's neither one?"

"Then it aint," said Wily Poll, composedly.

"Have some more pie?" said Richard Peaseley, handing forth another huge triangle. "The fact is, Wily, I want to get a boy to come and live here for a while. Easy work and good livin' — so if you hear of such a chap, send him along."

"What's the job?" inquired Wily Poll, with great promptness.

"O, light work," said young Peaseley. "He'd have

to eat flapjacks in the morning, and pie at noon; and help feed the cattle, and drive the cows afield. I should want him to turn right in and take hold of what was up, till supper time you know. Then he could go straight to bed after that."

"I rather guess I'm yer man," said Wily Poll, with an air of deep consideration. "Don't jest know, — but sounds plaguy like it. Nothin' else?"

"Nothing much," said Richard. "I'd want him to wait till he was helped, you know, so as not to make mistakes through helping himself. And to speak out straight — so we'd know what we were talking about." The boy's eyes twinkled.

"Guess I could do that too," he said, "for a spell."

"I meant to have Jemmy Lucas," said Richard, with a thoughtful air, "but Farmer Graves has got him."

"Jest yer let him!" said Wily Poll, leaning forward in his earnestness, and laying a hand on Richard's knee, "Jemmy's no more' na shaver t' me. Can't do half a hand's turn o' nothin', he can't. Aint the first thing t' what I be."

"But then suppose you wouldn't come?" said Richard.

"Tell yer I will," said Wily Poll, earnestly. "Jest yer keep the pies ready, and I'll be on hand."

"All right," said Richard; "when will you come?"

"What's the use o' coming?" said the boy. "Aint I here?"

"O, very good," said the young farmer, getting up. "If you'll eat that other quirl-cake then, Wily, we'll go work."

To be continued.

SILENCE.

There is no ripple on the lake,
No breath upon the hill;
No sound the sleeping echoes wake,
The aspen leaves are still,
And in the dim and peaceful wood
I feel the silent solitude.
The full-orbed moon looks coldly down
On the untrodden snow;
Beyond me lies the slumbering town,
The frozen stream below;
Above, the solemn dome of night
Lifts upward to the infinite.
In the soul's depths there too is rest;
Love needs no voice, no token,
Faith calmly sleeps on Hopes bright breast,
Truth's promise is unbroken,
While Angel Patience, smiling still,
Unconscious waits the perfect Will.

S. D. ROBBINS.

A REVIVAL.

The fresh showers of rain are falling. What a change on the face of Nature! All was dry and brown yesterday. Beasts panted in the summer's sun, flowers dried and dropped from the stem ere they bloomed, garden vegetables languished under the best of care, and all living things said by their sickly look and open mouths, Send us rain. And now His rain cometh down after the long, dry months, upon the just and the unjust. And everybody rejoices; saint and sinner say, This is good, this is beautiful. But let there come a revival like this in spiritual things, and how soon cavils and murmurs begin to mar the rhythm of its music. Wherefore? Is not a spiritual revival as necessary to languishing churches as rain to these fields? Are not the life and growth of souls worth as much as grasses and flowers? Are not these as liable to have droughts, and languor, and death? Why such a chorus of rejoicing to see things revive, and to be answered by such a chorus of complaints when men and women revive as the Spirit is poured from on high? There must be some fatal lack in the minds which criticise a moral quickening, and commend a material one. Look at it, ye who shake your heads, and talk down revivals of religion, and see if your inconsistency does not say, "Thine heart is not right before God?"

THE IDIOT'S HOME. — "A hot-house for sickly plants. Buds that are not strong enough to expand into flowers, preserve, though all the germs of a luxuriant tree. Here the sun of mind shines on in a home of stagnant spirits reviving and cheering it. The Idiot's home, surrounded by the love and kindness of human beings, is a holy place — a hot-house for these sickly plants that shall in future be transplanted to bloom in paradise." — *Hans Christian Andersen. Jutland, p. 246.*

Our Book Table.

AMERICAN RELIGION, by John Weiss. Roberts Bros. Mr. Weiss is very accommodating. He has constructed a new religion for our new nation. He has overlapped American brag with the biggest brag yet. Emerson thinks Yosemite up to our brag. But what equals Mr. Weiss? The old worlds are "played out," and the old faiths. The new world has to be clothed upon with a new creed, and Mr. Weiss is the man to do the tailoring. He is a graceful tailor, and cuts his coat handsomely, if not according to his cloth. Unlike other tailors of less perishable clothes, he strips the customer naked before he arranges the new garments. We are to be unclothed, as well as clothed upon. Old religions are to be put away, and

all religion is to become new, and Weiss. He starts with a vigorous assault, as he deems it, on the Christian faith, but begins, properly enough, with a commendation of the filthiest brothel in America, the Oneida Fraternity. Not of their vile communism, — that is left uncondemned, and so practically commended, — but of their tact in making mouse-traps. Their soul-traps are not spoken of. He goes from their mouse-traps to a plea for the right mental method; which is, what he says not. He has abundance of words, such as these, for instance: "The idea of unity was once an inchoate form, laid helplessly upon the breast of the divine order." This baby idea would never have grown to man's and woman's estate, but for America and John Weiss. The "divine order" would have been incapable of raising its own baby, if it is its own, which Mr. Weiss does not affirm, had it not been for these modern nurses. Mr. Weiss chatters prettily through four hundred pages, with one burden to his song, America is the land of free and equal rights. Our religion must be one of free and equal rights; no Mediator, no atonement, no sin, no salvation, no future punishment, no Bible, no Church, no Christ, no Devil. Poor man, he himself offers to become our mediator. He it who, abolishing Christ, says: "Lo, I am a sufficient Christ. I show you a way of salvation. I am the high priest, and the sole priest of the American religion." Of course he denounces miracles, the Scriptures, Sunday-schools, revivals, every form and phase of Christian life. He asserts that we inherit all the past, and yet despises all the past that we inherit. He commends the present state of man as normal, happy, good, when he knows it is a state of sin, of suffering, of separation, of death. He declares "the system of nature supplies our most exacting wants of physical health, of conscience, of the observation of facts, and the intuition of divine truths, and the presumption is in favor that it always did and will." But does it do so now? Is Mr. Weiss' "exacting want of physical health" supplied by the system of nature? Is he never sick? Are there no painful deaths in his household? Does he not grow gray and old? Has not Mr. Emerson, his master and mediator, in his "Terminus," abused this very nature for this unnatural decay of physical health?

Does the system of nature give a universal conscience, quick and commanding, which everybody instantly and constantly obeys? Does it give Mr. Weiss a full knowledge of facts, or anybody else? If so, where are the lost arts, and why are there new inventions and discoveries? Nay, does it afford man "intuition of divine truths?" Why then has not man discerned these intuitively, long before Mr. Weiss arose? Why has he clung for all ages to so many errors, and to so many truths, which Mr. Weiss has arisen to deny?

But all this is of no consequence. Messrs. Emerson and Parker have produced a writer less imaginative than the one, and less forcible than the other, who overlays thought with rhetoric, and ideas with fancies; who thinks less of his thought, than of his way of saying it; who prattles about superficial follies, while the great eternal realities of sin, and of that solemn ocean we must sail so soon, roll mournfully around him. The only religion for America, that can keep it from becoming a Sodom, a Babylon, a Paris, is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ; a religion that accepts the present state of man, in all its painful conditions, and more painful termination; that offers salvation through the blood of the Divine Redeemer, — a salvation from sin here, from eternal death hereafter. This faith will live and sing ages after Mr. Weiss and his religion disappear from human thought and knowledge, and will raise multitudes of penitent believers unto Him who only hath immortality. The theft of Christian terms shows the hollowness of all this pretension. It cannot escape the creed it curses. It has to talk of a Divine Person, an American Atonement. False and True Praying, Bible and Christian words, when it denies there is any Divine Person, even God Himself in being an impersonality; scorns any atonement for sin; and declares that preaching may be easy, but praying — there's the rub. Such religion will not deceive its advocates. It is based on a fiction of skepticism, a hatred of Christ and Christianity, a dream of pride. As a dream, "O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou wilt destroy their image."

LITTLE MEN, by Miss Alcott, follows "Little Women" in its run round the world. It is animated in the extreme. The boys act as they please, and yet grow good by such permission. The school is wonderfully easy and jolly, but for intellectual results is about as barren as the opposite extreme which Mr. Squeers so successfully run. Everything goes by extremes. We remember a man who flogged his children severely, and then fed them with candy to stop their crying. This is the law of society. From Dotheboys Hall to Plumfield; from treacle to beefsteak, fried potatoes, and hot cakes and coffee; from Mrs. Squeers to "Pa Baher and Aunt Jo." Here the boys throw pillows in their night-gowns, for fifteen minutes Saturday night, and spend all Sunday afternoons in hunting eggs, visiting the pigs, dogs, and chickens, called the "menagerie," and have not a word on Christ, religion, the Bible, or anything holy and bracing. But Miss Alcott is good-humored, loves boys, can't see anything bad in anybody. "Nan," who is a perfect witch, is only exuberant. The boys that help themselves without asking, are only very mischievous and funny. What would New England have been under such preaching? Miss Warner's admirable Vinegar Hill stories, illustrative of the tenacity of human depravity, and the only cure, are a million fold better, and will have infinitely better effects; for whom they cure they cure, while this cures nobody. It is a Sunday-school book for Weiss' religion. Be as good as you can, and be jolly anyhow.

MAGAZINES.

The Sunday Magazine (A. Williams & Co.) speaks of "Profaneness," a "Sunday at La Tour in the Waldensian Valley," "How to Study the Old Testament," "America and the Americans," in which Northampton is described, and Edwards portrayed. Judson is also photographed, who turned away from being the successor of Griffin, and predecessor of Murray, to being his own successor and predecessor, without forerunner or follower of equal step. It describes him warmly, but not too warmly. He was resolute, adroit, persistent, cheerful.

The Penn Monthly (A. Williams & Co.) describes "Amer-

ican Infanticide," chiefly of the illegitimate. It could add a worse paper on the legitimate sort. "Yosemite," and "Commencement a Century Ago," are also described.

The Atlantic for July is unusually interesting. Every paper is a gem. R. H. Dana begins it with "How we Met John Brown;" Longfellow has a pretty translation; Howells has a charming sketch, full of dainty satire on young lovers, Boston, New York, and such. Their wedding journey is simply a trip from Boston to New York, a trip at night, and a walk down Broadway in the morning. It is a very happy nothing, as all very happinesses are. Dr. T. M. Brewer shows how swallows reason in their development from a savage to civilized states, in their nests, and their fondness for human society. "Mountain-eering in the Sierra Nevada" is forcibly and scientifically described. Higginson talks his best on "Sappho," with an unusual small portion of his worst. George Elliot paints a singer, "Aringart," in a dramatic poem of sadness and power. Mr. Fields has a batch of admirable letters of Dickens to Felton, to whom he seems to have been strangely drawn. This is how he describes the birth of the Christmas Carol: —

"Now if instantly, on the receipt of this, you will send a free and independent citizen down to the Cunard Wharf, at Boston, you will find that Captain Hewett, of the Britannia steamship (my ship), has a small parcel for Professor Felton, of Cambridge; and in that parcel you will find a Christmas Carol in prose; being a short story of Christmas, by Charles Dickens. Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept, and laughed, and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed. . . . Its success is most prodigious. And by every post all manner of strangers write all manner of letters to him about their homes and hearths, and how this same Carol is read aloud there, and kept on a little shelf by itself. Indeed, it is the greatest success, as I am told, that this ruffian and rascal has ever achieved."

And this is where Mrs. Gamp was born, the cleverest creature in the cleverest of greenwards: —

"What do you think of Mrs. Gamp? And how do you like the undertaker? I have a fancy that they are in your way. O heaven! such green woods as I was rumbling among down in Yorkshire, when I was getting that done last July! For days and weeks we never saw the sky but through green boughs; and all day long I cantered over such soft moss and turf, that the horse's feet scarcely made a sound upon it."

Bret Harte concludes with a silly story, not very brightly told. He'll have to do better than this in this society.

The Diary of a Besieged Resident of Paris (Harpers) is thought by its author hardly worth publishing, in which most will agree with him. Yet as a lively statement of Paris in that period, it will bear a glance or two on the way to more valuable books.

The Nineteenth Century shows it is a good way behind that era in its treatment of the negro, whom it still makes out a savage, busily engaged, doubtless, in masks, shooting his white Christian brothers. A cultivated Irishman was thus shot, masked as a Ku Klux, by a negro savage at Murfreesboro', Tenn., and all the white gentry of the town strangely enough approve the conduct of the black barbarian, at least so far as public speech goes. Wake up and get up, "Nineteenth Century."

The Overland, with its grizzly frontispiece, is not at all unbearable within. It describes "The Yellowstone Country," "Our New Yosemite and Niagara," "The Eclipse in Siberia," "Texas Whaling," and stories. It is a credit to San Francisco.

Old and New begins with the editor at Middletown, which he calls "one of the most lovely of towns in the Connecticut Valley. Nothing could have been lovelier when 'Arthur filled the throne.'" It of course talks of old and new education, and, as usual, mixes its old and new well together. It also begins a brisk story of Harvard; concludes a sad one of the war; describes, autobiographically, Edward Everett's college life; commends, of course, the Unitarian theological school at Cambridge, with a *curiosa ignorancia* of the utter unfitness of its eulogy to the Christian Church and idea, and gives, in its closing pages, brief abstracts of several of the leading colleges of the land.

The Pulpit and the Pew is a new monthly, edited by Rev. R. Harcourt, and containing original articles by Rev. J. T. Cram, Revs. T. S. Goodwin, J. Atkinson, H. A. Bulge, and H. B. Ridgway, with animated selections. It is a wide-awake magazine, on wide-awake subjects, conducted by one who knows how to "sling ink," as the roughs have it. May it flourish, as it deserves, by the aid of both pulpit and pew.

Appleton's Journal for July is full of excellent pictures of American scenery, with stories, pictures, science, and everything made palatable to the highest degree.

The Aldine for June has several choice engravings — the leading one a group of statuary illustrating "Night," very chastely and forcibly rendered. "The Pied Piper" is also happily portrayed, with his half-pleased, half-vindictive look, and the children marching with him, all eyes drawn to his wonderful music. "The Mount of Temptation," "Papyrus Swamp of the Upper Jordan," are well drawn; and the "High Fall in Silesia" excellently so. There are also portraits of Bryant and Dewitt C. Littlejohn. **The Aldine** is the finest of American illustrators, rising unlike the rest, into the region of pure art. It is a monthly, and costs only \$3 a year. Its literary contents are lively, and set off its pictures well. All lovers of a work that will grow better with every year, should subscribe for **The Aldine**, at A. Williams & Co., Boston, or James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty Street, New York.

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THE HERALD.

BOSTON, JULY 13, 1871.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—All leading articles, not credited to other journals, are original.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of the author, for the use of the editor, not for publication.

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Obituaries must be sent within three months of the deaths of the persons described; marriages and deaths within three weeks of their occurrence.

TO-DAY'S NEED.

The summer solstice is upon us. The sun blazes by day, and the air is sultry at night. The body grows languid in the heat, while the mind loses its tone. It is the time for flitting, if money happens to be abundant, to cool mountain retreats or breezy seaside resorts.

Shall the Church relax her endeavors? Has her Great Head declared a vacation for the heated term? Rather is not this the time for her to double her toils, and prove that she has the spirit of the blessed Master?

Dissipation does not stop because of the heat. Sinful feet would tramp the downward road under a still more fiery sun. Amid the wheat, the tares and weeds are shooting up into a frightful maturity. Human life and destiny can be as terribly wrecked with the thermometer at 90 degs., in the shade, as when it stands at zero. The heat which enervates so much of man's nature, seems but to quicken his passions.

The time to meet an enemy is when he takes the field, and the time to aid a friend is when he is in need. The time, then, for the Church to do her work is now. As the enemy of all righteousness takes the field in force, let the camp of the Church be alive with valiant men, eager for offensive war. As weak and tempted men are exposed to deadly peril, let those who have caught the spirit of Calvary make their mightiest efforts to save them.

What a terrible mistake has somehow been made? We languidly perform some of the duties of the Christian life, but tuck its best efforts over into the drearier portion of the year. We seem to have come to the conclusion that the Gospel has no power to convict the sinner in summer. The ability of the Holy Ghost we measure practically by seasons. We regulate His operations by the thermometer, and bound His efficiency by dog-days. Surely all this is wrong. There is no rest for a Christian worker. Summer's heat and winter's cold are alike to him in his quenchless ardor. With a world full of blinded, sinful, lost men, and a Gospel that can save just such men to the uttermost, he cannot stop until he has done all that he may to get every man saved. What we need to-day is men filled with this restless zeal to get men converted.

The unbelieving world declares the Church spasmodic in her work; let us stop the mouths of gainsayers, and prove, by our unwearied exertions, that we love souls more than ease or pleasure. Let us astonish them by special efforts in summer. Our best and most successful protracted meetings have for a century been held in groves in the most sultry season of the year. It is worse than nonsense to say that you cannot get men to think seriously because it is too warm. If this were so, our churches had better be turned into mammoth refrigerators at once. The truth is, we are more apt to freeze men in the summer than in the winter. We ought now to bring everything to a white heat. Let us pioneer the meetings in the groves by camp-meetings in all the churches.

Let every brother and sister be in the prayer and classrooms. Let there be no vacant places. Banish fans from the pulpits, and use them sparingly in the pews. Don't stop to fan while you sing or pray. Strip up your sleeves if need be, but don't be afraid of sweating a little for the Master. It may be a new baptism for some, perhaps, but it will be a baptism of power. Put yourself into the work, into it all over, into it with hearty good will. Strike out fast and square, and hit hard. You cannot, will not fail. The Church will be alive, and sinners will be saved. Believe this. It is sin to doubt, even in summer, the power of Him who ruleth the seasons.

RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

Our popular Charlestown preacher begins to bear fruit in Philadelphia, almost as soon as he is transported. A pamphlet published by Lippincott, gives his address before the Methodist Lyceum of that city on

"The duty of the Church to the Intellect." This Lyceum is an institution wisely made up of the members of our societies, men and women seeking social and intellectual culture. There should be such a Lyceum for young people in all our large towns and cities where we have two or three churches. Mr. Warren (who will make him Dr. this year?), talks in very animated strains of the relations of religion to culture, demands of our Church, the taking hold of the highest work as well as the lowest; says "God never sends a Cartwright to plough, but He sends a Fisk or Hedding to culture and train;" defies false science in the name of the true Christ, declares we are to have a deluge of infidel science, and demands Christian scientists, to oppose error with its own truth. Thus happily he puts this conflict:—

"The coming of the Lord is at hand!" cried men in 1843. What a tremendous wave of power they sent over the land! The wrecks of hundreds of churches and the loss of tens of thousands of members testify the need of a little intelligence. O how the people have been destroyed for lack of knowledge! A new wave is about to engulf us. Those who ride its crested summit are crying, "Natural selection, development, protoplasm." It will surge the old ship of Zion from stem to stern. Cling for your lives to eternal truths, or you will be swept into sunless depths of frozen seas. But what are truths? That is just what we want wit and wisdom to know. Piety will not save,—it did not in 1843; it takes mind and spirit both. In the next decade of years, men will give themselves to science as never before. Shall science build batteries against the Bible and the Church? God forbid. Rise to prevent it, every lover of truth and of God. Every possible truth is of God, and is in harmony with religion. What we want is power to prevent falsehood, science falsely so called, and error varnished with the decillionth potency of truth, from being used as armor for men who fight against the Bible and religion. Or, we want men of so clear an eye and true a hand that they can hammer every rivet of that armor with the arrows of truth till the false work is found, and the false fighter is routed or slain. How shall this be done? By encouraging mental development in Christians; by counting mind as the second highest gift it is possible for God to bestow; by burying beyond the possibility of a resurrection, even at Gabriel's trumpet, the delusion that religion is hostile to intelligence, science to the Bible, and that ignorance is the mother of devotion. Hence, deadly delusion! It was a heathen who said, 'Much learning hath made these mad,' and one of the greatest of Christians who denied it. If knowledge and mental training are hostile to grace and spiritual power, how bad it must be for God. He knows all things, and therefore has no spiritual grace. For my part, I shall be satisfied to be in His likeness. He has all knowledge, yet His love is exhaustless, free, and knows no end. He is full both of truth and of grace.

The age especially needs Christian scientists. Two reasons present themselves. First, because they are keener observers. Knowledge is one. Ignorance in any department weakens ability to discover in every other. The Christian has discovered one sublime, eternal truth; all other truths lie along its pathway. The obscurity of truth does not hinder man's progress half so much as the blinding effect of men's own errors. Men's eyesight must be clear, or these beautiful landscapes of spring are sickled over with a jaundiced yellow. We need men whose eyes have been opened, and who have been made free by the truth, to discover truth.

There is no such awakener of the mind as the Holy Ghost. It was promised to lead unto all truth. 'You hath He quickened,' is Paul's expression for conversion. Conversion pours a flood of new ideas, as well as feelings. A new power of discrimination is given. Points that were blurred, and seemed unimportant, become clear cut and vital. How true are the words of Ruskin: "Practically, a man of deadened moral sensibilities is always dull in his perceptions of truth, and thousands of the highest and most divine truths of Nature are wholly concealed from him, however constant and indefatigable his intellectual search." How true God's word concerning the froward: 'They meet with darkness in the daytime; they grope in the noonday as in the night.'

There is an imperative demand for scientific lecturers who believe in a reconcilable science and religion. Men are hungry for science. Its facts are unutterably more grand than man's sublimest imaginings. Why should they not be? They are God's. This demand is largely supplied by blatant infidels, who rail at the Scriptures to exalt science; whose theories of past development annihilate the possibilities of future development. And Christian men have largely surrendered this realm of power over the masses to men who rule only to ruin. The world is waiting for men who can make science the handmaid, and not the enemy, of religion. There should be put upon the platform immediately one hundred scientific lecturers, with hearts in full sympathy with the Church, with heads clear enough to see that science and religion are entirely consonant, and with force enough to make the public feel it.

There is also an alarming deficiency of Christian teachers for the young. I have not had time to inform myself of the condition of affairs in this State; but in some States I know that there is almost an entire absence of Methodist teachers from the higher walks of educational work. The number of high-school masters, academy teachers, and college professors in the employ of our great common-school system is extremely small. Are we indignant at this? We do well to be angry. Only let it be at ourselves, at our own supineness, at our want of interest in mental culture. We have the

position we take. There is no one to blame but ourselves, and we are verily blameworthy."

THE LORD VERSUS THE CRITICS.

Nowhere, does the difference between faith and unfaith more strikingly reveal itself than in the doctrine of special providences. There are perpetual miracles performed by a providential, that is a foreseeing and foreproviding God. The skeptic has always denounced them, the believer always affirmed them. Pope exclaims sarcastically,—

"Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air and sea, new motions be imprest,
 O, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?"

"Warrington," a successor of Pope in sarcasm and skepticism, is equally incredulous on special providences. He can't see why Christians were happy over Fisk's being stormed into shame and seclusion. He thinks a shower at the St. James would have been all that was necessary, or, at least, a shower extending down Washington Street, from the St. James to the Boston Theatre, holding up while the St. James of St. James was at his prayers, and beginning again as soon as he got through, and confining itself to the narrow, crooked street through which he must go to the depot. Why keep many Christians at home, by a rain that spreads itself over all the land? Of course, it is useless to answer Pope, or his successor, in prose, if not in poetry. They have a retort for every word of God, and would jest at Christ Himself, did He presume to converse with them. Still, if special providences are to be measured by their rule, one can easily see how ridiculous they would become. A river of water pouring a shower-bath along Washington Street for an hour, or waiting to fall when Fisk appeared, and he trying to dodge it by going down Tremont Street, while it chases him along the sky, hurrying to catch up with him, and to spread its wet wing over him, wriggling after him round Essex Street, and Kingston Street, and Beach Street, and Lincoln Street, down to the Old Colony Depot, and giving him one tremendous *douche*, just as he pops his head in the cars, with the saints and sinners outside this watery rim, laughing at the spectacle of a bad man struggling with fate,—this sky-serpent is "Warrington's" idea of the way to punish transgressors, and of God's dealings with man through His providence.

How much more excellent is His way. He uses His natural laws to confirm His spiritual. The sin of Col. Fisk was known in all the land, was approved by the Warrington school of religionists in all the land. *The New York Sun*, and other such, rejoiced in the attempted desecration. The Boston Common Council, with but one dissenting vote, offered the Common. The Charlestown Board of Aldermen, by only one majority, prevented the offer of Bunker Hill. The whole country had heard of the undertaking. A few Christian ministers and members prayed against it in their prayer-meetings. They asked God to defend His day. They wrought their prayers into petitions to the City Government, a deed which "Warrington" also ignorantly ridicules, he not seeing how faith and works, praying and practising go together. *Their efforts alone* prevented the use of the Common, and drew off the escorting regiment. They had no help from the Free-Religion crew, any more than they had in keeping the Library shut, or will have in keeping the Museum shut. But the streets yet remained. Fisk threatened to parade them. He was to form in front of his hotel, an open square, that would accommodate thousands of spectators. He was to have dress parade there, and march thence with his splendid band, a mile through a broad street. He may have intended to march round the city, undoubtedly would have done so. The city was unwilling to forbid it, as it ought to have done. The Governor did not forbid it, as he might have done. The people prayed, and the Lord sent deliverance. A rain smote this sinful leader of sinful hosts, as a like storm smote Sisera. The Christians who went to church rejoiced, as did Barak and his soldiers, on whom the same rain fell that routed Sisera and his legions. The Christians who could not go, rejoiced, as Deborah and her sisters did, in the safe shelter of their roofs over the storm that fell in part on their brothers, but really for the destruction of their foes.

Even Fisk and his men were improved by the special providence. He went back to New York a sadder and wiser man. He may be as bad as he is painted, but he is not a cold-blooded Boston skeptic. He knows in his sins that there is a God in heaven, and that God has ordained the Sabbath day, and hallowed it. He knows that the New England Sabbath is a divine institution. All his recklessness has never made him an infidel.

Like most men of vile habits, he has an orthodox conscience, which tells him constantly that his evil courses are evil. It is only a few who avoid outbreaching sins that make up for this virtue by violating all Christian ordinances, and despising all Christian doctrine.

The Christian will still believe in special providences, despite the sneer of the skeptic. He will still believe that God will make use of natural laws to enforce spiritual duties. That as he makes plague follow filth, delirium drunkenness, poverty idleness, degradation superstition, so he employs these natural forces to set home special lessons. He puts the storm of snow around a cottager's house in Germany to shelter it from the army of invaders. He hides His servant in a cellar in Lawrence, and afterwards under a carpet in the garden, while the house is searched and burnt by Quantrell's minions. He interferes to help Joshua, to battle Pharaoh, to guide Wesley through mobs, to save Butler and the Methodist mission from the Sepoys, to put out the fires of martyrdom, when He wishes to keep His servants longer in the flesh; in ten thousand times ten thousand instances have His people in all ages rejoiced in His intervention. They will continue to do so, despite the skepticism of the so-called *Christian Register*, and its prophet "Warrington." When these become Christian, which the latter seems to dislike to have prayer for, and the former seems past praying for, they will rejoice with all Christians, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father, and that we are of more value than many sparrows.

JOHN BROWN IN THE FOREST.

R. H. Dana, jr., tells, in the last *Atlantic*, how he first stumbled on John Brown. In 1849 he made an excursion into the Adirondacks, and lost his way, spending all night in the woods. The party struck a trail in the morning, and came out on the road. Debating which way to go, and deciding that one way was the right one, they, after the usual fashion of human beings, deliberately went the other way. So doing, they found in the turn of the road a log house and half-cleared farm. The master had gone down to the settlements, his wife was an invalid, and there were a great many sons and daughters, one of whom, Ruth, took care that these hungry travelers should not eat too much. A man came along in a wagon, and Ruth asked him if he had seen anything of "Mr. Brown." He replied that he had seen him; he would be along in an hour or two. "He has two negroes along with him, a man and a woman," which remark he and Ruth seemed to understand. The farm was full of stumps of trees, and the house was a small log-house of one story, with slight out-buildings. The hills stood grandly round it:—

"Late in the afternoon a long buck-board wagon came in sight, and on it were seated a negro man and woman, with bundles; while a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned man walked before, having his theodolite and other surveyor's instruments with him, while a youth followed by the side of the wagon. The team turned into the sheds, and the man entered the house. This was 'father.' The sons came out and put up the cattle, and soon we were asked in to the meal. Mr. Brown came forward and received us with kindness; a grave, serious man he seemed, with a marked countenance and a natural dignity of manner,—that dignity which is unconscious, and comes from a superior habit of mind.

"We were all ranged at a long table, some dozen of us, more or less; and these two negroes and one other had their places with us. Mr. Brown said a solemn grace. I observed that he called the negroes by their surnames, with the prefixes of Mr. and Mrs. The man was 'Mr. Jefferson,' and the woman 'Mrs. Wait.' He introduced us to them in due form, 'Mr. Dana, Mr. Jefferson,' 'Mr. Metcalf, Mrs. Wait.' It was plain they had not been so treated or spoken to often before, perhaps never until that day, for they had all the awkwardness of field hands on a plantation; and what to do, on the introduction, was quite beyond their experience. There was an unrestricted supply of Ruth's best bread, butter, and corn-cakes, and we had some meat and tea, and a plenty of the best of milk."

In his talk with him, he found him well-informed on all subjects, especially in the natural sciences. He had books, and had evidently made a diligent use of them. He had the best cattle, and farming utensils for miles around. He was "a kind of king" among the Abolitionists of the region. Ruth would only take the exact cost of the food served up. No favors were asked or suffered. On his return his diary says:—

"We stopped at the Brown's cabin on our way, and took an affectionate leave of the family that had shown us so much kindness. We found them at breakfast, in the patriarchal style. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their large family of children, with the hired men and women, including three negroes, all at the table together. Their meal was neat, substantial, and wholesome."

He was abroad when John Brown was hung, and did not know until after 1860 that of the greatest American, as all history will affirm, was this mountain farmer. Well does he say:—

"How mysterious is the touch of Fate which gives a man immortality on earth! It would have been past belief, had we been told that this quiet frontier farmer, already at or beyond middle life, with no noticeable past, would, within ten years, be the central figure of a great tragic scene, gazed upon with wonder, pity, admiration, or execration by half a continent! That this man should be thought to have imperilled the slave empire in America, and added a new danger to the stability of the Union! That his almost undistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four millions of slaves, and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadences men should march to battle by the tens of thousands! That he should have done something toward changing the face of civilization itself!"

PRECEDENTS.

It was once thought noble to defend the weak against the strong; but to such a pitch of refinement has the world come at last, that it stirs up more of public opposition to check the career of even the most abandoned villain, than to do the most cruel wrong to an innocent person. Whenever a great wrong is to be attacked, the cry always is, "Stop! we have no right to meddle. It will establish a bad precedent. We must not do evil that good may come." But it is always legal to desert the helpless. It is always constitutional to meet in conventions and fight wordy battles for the equal rights of all, and then to abandon the innocent to the tender mercies of the guilty.

A house is on fire. In a chamber curtained with the crackling flame, lies a sleeping child. The adventurous fireman lifts a ladder, and is about to spring in to rescue the sleeping innocent. "Stop! calls a shrill voice from below. It is the sage who has left his closet and his midnight lamp, and sallied out in dressing-gown and slippers to save the tottering fabric of society." It is a bad precedent to climb into a neighbor's window. No one doubts the uprightness of your intentions, but some burglar may be emboldened by your example to break into houses for robbery. I would not favor the fire, or undervalue the pangs of being burned to death, but we must beware of establishing bad precedents. If the father does not want the child burned up, let him go up stairs and bring it down in a decent manner." O, senseless man! the father is far away, the stairs are a heap of glowing coals, and the burglar will wait for no precedent if there is only a hope of gain.

But what if that were the voice of authority? What if the distracted mother and the horror-stricken friends were compelled to stand by and see and hear the ruin finished, while some creature in the form of man, with a head full of sap, and a face full of brass, was proving that they had no right to do anything to prevent it?

This is just the case with our national and social evils. Is there no right, then, so sacred as the right of destroying the rights of others? Must we never defend the right with any zeal, lest the devotees of wrong should take our zeal as a precedent in upholding their own bad cause? Does the only legal way of reforming the world consist in putting it to soak in lukewarm milk and water? No, no, no! The worst precedents in the world are prosperous crime and triumphant wrong. And the best of all examples is to lay the axe at the root of the tree, to strike evil at its most vital point in the quickest and most effectual manner.

MUNSELL'S PSYCHOLOGY.*

Hamilton devotes the first two of his lectures on Metaphysics to a treatment of the absolute utility of "Philosophy proper—or the science of mind." Subjectively, he says, it "cultivates the mind, or knowing subject, by calling its faculties into exercise," while objectively it "furnishes the mind with a certain complement of truths, or objects of knowledge." He does not attempt to show its relative utility. But does not herein lie its chief value? If man as a thinking being must always act in some relation to his kind, it would seem self-evident, that to know others—to know how to act rightly—he must know himself. He can know no fact lying outside of his own being save it reaches through some channel, his consciousness. The "science of mind" must therefore supply "either the materials or the rules to all the sciences." While, then, the study of this noble science is of vital importance to every profession and calling, it is of greatest importance to the minister of Christ. Should he seek the results of study in himself, that he may have a keener power of analysis, and a robust power of thought, let him delve in this mine. If he seeks, by the blessing of God, to so cultivate his gifts that he may the more successfully win men, let him remember that the truths of the Gospel that illuminate his mind, he is to reflect upon the minds of others, and hence no study, save that of the Word he preaches, can be so important as the study of mind. No doubt

some have expected too much of preaching directed at the intellect; but it is also to be feared that some have swung to the other extreme in their demand for preaching at "the heart." The soul has more than intellect—it has sensibilities and will, and on this trinal being, the preacher must bring to bear the awful, glorious truths and mighty motives of the Gospel.

We welcome freely any book that seeks to aid in the solution of the problems of any science, but, if possible, more freely any honest, painstaking attempt to systematize and enlarge our knowledge of the mind. The author of this work has not written for a market, but as a labor of love. Having taught in the recitation room for nearly a score of years, he gives us this book as a result, accompanied by the modestly expressed hope that he has "added something to the logical evolution and classification of the mental faculties, processes and products." This he has doubtless done. His insight is clear, his analysis sharp, his style unambiguous, and commendably plain. He does not seek war, but walks serenely in the old paths, if they are in harmony with facts; but if facts fly in the face of a theory, he goes with them unhesitatingly.

We recommend this book to all, and especially to the minister. He will find help to the solution of not a few perplexing problems. Who has not found himself in danger of falling into the pits dug by the subtleties of necessitarian schemes?

God must be sovereign, and yet we have a consciousness of freedom. If God does control all things, must not freedom in the creature go to the wall? And yet, why? If we have the idea of the absolute sovereignty of God, and at the same time are conscious that we are free, does not this possession indicate the truth and harmony of both? Here lies the mistake of philosophers. To save one they have sacrificed the other when they should have held to both, and used each to demonstrate and explain the other. God in His sovereignty has made man absolutely free in his choice of motives to follow, and acts to perform, and in this leaves him free to decide his moral character, while at the same time divine sovereignty controls overt acts.

Thus man, made in the "image of God," is as free to decide what he will be morally, as his Creator, while he cannot in the slightest degree weaken His government. Dr. Munsell has given us a clear, precise, and satisfactory chapter on the Will, which must be of help to the student of Theology. Get this book, and study it carefully, and you will thank us for this advice.

THE LYCEUM MAGAZINE, published and edited by the Boston Lyceum Bureau, is a beautiful periodical, as large as *The Atlantic*, and printed on fine tinted paper. The July number contains a steel engraving of Wendell Phillips, and articles embodying the experience of lecturers and lecture-managers, under the title of "Hints to Lyceums," "An Hour at the Lyceum Bureau," "Origin of the Lyceum System," by Wendell Phillips, a brief defense of "The Lyceum System," by James Parton, an article against Bureaus, by Timothy Titcomb, and the Bureau's reply, "Woman in the Lyceum," by Geo. Wm. Curtis, "The Lecturer's Life," by T. W. Higginson, the Bureau's list of lecturers, readers, entertainers, and musicians, and a host of credentials of noted lecturers. This is the only magazine of the kind in the country, and is the first number of it, although it is "No. 6" of the Bureau's periodicals. It will be found indispensable by lecture committees, and exceedingly interesting to every one who is interested in the welfare of the Lyceum system. The Boston Lyceum Bureau publish in it their third annual list, with the subjects of the lecturers. It is a great list. Of our own brethren, we find the names of Rev. I. G. Bidwell, Rev. Andrew McKeown, Rev. J. O. Knowles, Rev. J. O. Peck, Rev. O. H. Tiffany, and Rev. Henry W. Warren. These are as efficient on the platform as in the pulpit, and do much to sustain and increase the reputation of our denomination for ability and culture. They have few equals in their respective lines. If Messrs. Mallalieu, Trafton, Newhall, Woodruff, Upham, Payne, Townsend, E. H. Hatfield, Newman, Hare, Hamilton, and a few more such had been added, the list had been about complete. The clergy, it will be seen by an examination of the list in last week's paper, are among the most popular lecturers in the field, as they ought to be. Let every Lyceum manager secure a copy.

Mr. Vallandigham, just before he shot himself, prophesied that "the annexation of the territory and the control of all the outlying fragments of this continent are destined for the American people. We shall have San Domingo, and Cuba, and Mexico, and all the rest, mark that!"

The New Jerusalem Messenger advertises "a pocket edition of 'Heaven and Hell.'"

* *Psychology, or the Science of Mind*. By Rev. O. S. Munsell, D.D., President of Illinois Wesleyan University. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE CHURCH PAPERS ON THE NEW YORK TROUBLE.

The Central says:—

"In the whole Book Concern matter we are in a state of chronic unbelief, and patiently wait for some point to be finally decided. All we now can testify to is that we verily believe there is a Book Concern in New York, and that the gentlemen having charge of it, both Agents and Committee-men, are doing their best to keep it intact and unharmed. We cannot tell how deeply we regret that the whole subject was not in the beginning put into a process of investigation which would have been conclusive and final. Letting such things sleep is lamentable. The exercise of patience and trust is necessary. The truth will yet be vindicated."

The Western speaks thus excellently of the trial:—

"The result of the trial of Dr. Lanahan does not surprise us in the least. The question as to whether, under all the circumstances, it was best to remove Dr. Lanahan from office, is one on which good and wise men will differ. Four members of the Committee thought not. Bishop Ames thought the punishment too great for the offenses charged. He had a right to think so, and to say so, and he is not the man to hesitate at assuming any responsibility that his honest judgment may bring. Bishop Janes, with equal honesty, and quite as good opportunity for forming an opinion, hesitated at the same point, but found the preponderance of evidence in favor of the action of the Committee. We honor these men, and accord to each the credit of acting with the purest motives, and aiming only at the right."

"And now we add but one remark. Bishop Ames's non-concurrence is not to be taken as a sanction of Dr. Lanahan's course in the particular thing for which he was arraigned, nor as an acceptance of his charges against the Book Concern as probably true. Upon the merits of the case in this respect he was not called upon to decide. Neither was Bishop Janes. They confined themselves strictly to the case in hand, and agreed in many particulars concerning it, but differed as to the necessity of his removal."

The Independent takes up a letter of Dr. Newman, advising some Iowa ministers to use their influence to get Senator Harlan re-elected. It properly denounces any intermeddling with politics or parties by churches or the clergy, but it fails to denounce the efforts made to prevent Senator Harlan's re-election because he is a Methodist. That State is full of plots against him, based exclusively on this fact. When a man is to be prevented from taking office because he is a Methodist, or because he is of any other denomination, it is time for his friends of that denomination, and for all other friends of fair play, and even his clerical friends, to interfere in his behalf. Dr. Beecher, when he came to Boston, told his members they were ostracised because they were Orthodox, and they must combine, and caucus, and demand and secure their rights; and they obeyed him. Dr. Newman does right in making this effort, on the basis of the opposition. No Methodist should strive to push his candidate on that ground, though if he did, he would not be exceedingly unlike Congregationalists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Baptists, and other sects. They have never urged such nominations. They have opposed some prominent Methodists now in office, and voted against them. We protest that *The Independent* is unfair unless it also strike at those who are using the fact of Senator Harlan's being a Methodist as a ground for rejecting him. Let him stand on his merits, is all Methodists ask of him, and of every public man of every faith.

The Supreme Court of this State has decided that women cannot be justices of the peace, giving "a woman's reason" for its decision, "Because they can't." It once declared we could not have a Prohibitory law. Had it been in existence before Eve was created, as it ought to have been, for such judges should never have had mothers, it would have decided that woman could not be created because she had not been. The best reason given for their decision is, that they were afraid Gov. Claflin might appoint a woman in their Bench. The "decision" only makes the debate livelier, and the victory surer. It will be reversed, or they will be removed out of their place. Why do courts always oppose reforms? Why won't President White, of Cornell, who is so anxious to make out the Church as steadily opposing science, just see how steadily other bodies oppose reform.

Live Temperance celebrations were held at Walden and Abington. Among the best addresses, were those of Neal Dow, E. Thompson, and W. F. Mallalieu. At Rockland, Me., a fine celebration occurred, and Revs. Messrs. Wardwell and Best were speakers. The Woman Suffrage Meeting at Framingham was well attended, and Messrs. Robinson, Foster and others talked vigorously against the new Dred Scott decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, which refuses to consider woman as a citizen.

The News says, of the Boston Press on Boston beer, "the religious newspapers were almost a unit in their silence." *The News* can't have read all the religious press very closely.

The News gives this summary of the votes of the towns in May, and the change made by the change in the law. It shows how powerfully Prohibitory is the State. The Republican party will yet find it out:—

"Number of towns that voted, 176; not voting, 163; that voted No, 156; Yes, 17."

"It appears, therefore, that only one tenth part of the towns voting, sustained the traffic; and this surely denotes that the people are opposed to it."

"Thirty-six more towns voted in May than in September, and three less voted Yes in May than in September. This is really encouraging; and the more meetings we have, the smaller will be the number of towns to sustain the traffic. After the vote in September there were 216 towns in which the sale of malt liquors could be prosecuted legally; now there are only seventeen, the law having been amended so that non-voting towns are under strict prohibition."

A horticultural correspondent of *The New York Evening Post* describes the latest horticultural fashion of London, as having trays in the window, of glazed ware, full of pots that contain flowers at their height, which unless transplanted to larger pots, will not live but a few weeks. They are only intended for that short life, and so flaunt their brief beauty before every passer-by. How one can quote as he sees them, "Cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold."

Sadly adding:—

"The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauty dies away."

The world is full of forced beauties of this class. London is not the only place where they flourish. Better have less flaunting, and a longer life. Better be hid with Christ, than we may flourish with Him forever.

Sarony's Photographs, 680 Broadway, New York City, are about as handsome as anything in the line of engraving. Some of them surpass the softest mezzotints in fineness of finish. He has many celebrities in his portfolio. Greeley, Bret Harte, Beecher, Bellows, Drew, Rich, Bayard Taylor, Whitlaw Reed, Nilsson, Kellogg, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and many such are in his gallery. We advise every one who visits New York, and wishes to bring home a souvenir of the city that all will enjoy, to call at their rooms and spend thirty minutes with the lively artist who knows just how to set you and take you. His pictures are soon to be on sale in this city, and will attract attention.

The New Jerusalem Messenger has the following substitute for a revival meeting. Is this the coming fashion of the new Church? It is a new departure that leads down, not up:—

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—On two evenings last week, for the benefit of the Church, "Change of Base" and "The Spirit of Seventy-six" were enacted at the house of Mr. Ward, on an excellent stage erected for the purpose. The parts were all chosen and well sustained. The pecuniary result cannot be here stated, but judging from the performance, it should have been large. The play of "Seventy-six" was first performed at a Sewing Meeting at Mrs. Saba Keith's, with such success as to give rise to the above.

The Commonwealth gives several columns of Fourth of July literature, in prose and verse, and omits strangely enough the best ode ever written on the day, Emerson's, beginning,—

"O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire:
One heaven is in the mighty sky,
And one in our desire."

The Boston Preachers' Meeting held a Memorial Service last week on Bishop Clark. Rev. Mr. Trafton read the Scriptures. Rev. Mr. Sargeant, offered prayer. Rev. S. F. Upham, Rev. G. Haven, and Rev. Dr. Hare spoke briefly of the character and career of Bishop Clark, after which Rev. Dr. Clark led in prayer.

The Old and New says, Emerson "is large enough to include both the Pagan and Christian system." That is ahead of Mr. Towne, who only makes him as great as Christ. To equal both Christ and Anti-christ, is above even Divine power. It is, however, in accord with Emerson's own theory of making "good and evil melt into one."

The Christian Advocate has an interesting editorial on Wilbraham, written by Dr. Peirce, who omits all just laudations on his own contributions to the exercises. He thinks some of the ladies will soon be found knocking at the doors of the Wesleyan University. They won't knock in vain.

Board may be had for the summer in the family of a Methodist minister, in a charming locality near Boston. Inquire at this office, room 17.

The bound volume of *Every Saturday* is a treasure that every family will prize every day in the week. It's green covers cover nothing green. It is a superb volume and cheap. Whoever wants to keep their children happily employed, and themselves also, buy this beautiful volume.

COLLEGE HONORS.—Lafayette College has conferred D. D. on Rev. George P. Hays, President of Washington and Jefferson College, Pa.; Rev. Charles S. Dunning, Honesdale, Pa.; Rev. Samuel A. Mutchmore, Philadelphia; Rev. Jacob Bellville, Mauch Chunk, Pa.; Rev. Roger Owen, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

The Suffolk County Journal, one of the very best of our suburban papers, comes to us this week considerably enlarged and improved. We wish the enterprising proprietors continued success.

PERSONAL.

We chronicled the death, last week, of the wife of Mr. Thomas P. Gordon, of the Book-Room, Boston. Sister Gordon was a most estimable lady, and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn their loss, which doubtless is her gain. The sympathies and the prayers of the Church are asked on behalf of Bro. Gordon. May the grace of God sustain him in his trial.

Rev. Dr. Tiffany gave an eloquent address in Newark, on Fourth of July, before the city authorities, in his own church, which is published in full in *The Newark Advertiser*.

Rev. H. W. Warren took possession of Independence Square, Philadelphia, and held a great crowd captive. Gen. Warren fell on Bunker Hill. His blood relative did not fall under Independence Hall.

Gov. Claflin has appointed Rachel Howland, the good Quaker, a visitor to the Industrial School. Will the Supreme Court declare the appointment illegal? It is just as much so as Mrs. Howe's, or Miss Stevens' appointment as justice of the peace, for there is no precedent for the act.

Neal Dow, at the Walden Temperance Picnic, the Fourth of July, defined well the difference between Maine and Massachusetts Republicanism. The former heartily endorsed Prohibition in its platform; the latter did not. A few more ten thousands for Phillips will bring it to the Maine perfection.

Dr. Cathers has gone to Europe, and his "council," we fear, has "gone to pot." It died of overeating.

Rev. J. H. Twombly is elected President of the State University of Wisconsin. This is the second of the State universities of the West, Michigan alone having precedence. It has \$50,000 income, and about five hundred students. Rev. Mr. Twombly has superior qualifications as an educator, having long been an Overseer of Harvard University, Superintendent of the schools of Charlestown, and an active member of the American Institute of Instruction. He will be successful in his new and important sphere. If we must have State Universities, they could not be better captained than in this selection.

A new female seminary will be opened in Philadelphia, next September, under the principalship of Misses Scull and Pindell, two of the most distinguished teachers of that city. They both belong to the Arch Street Methodist Church.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by two colleges the other day, on the Rev. Professor S. L. Bowman, of Dickinson College, by Rutgers College in New Jersey, and Indiana Asbury University. The Professor's work in Dickinson has been one of great care, responsibility, and arduousness, and he has been greatly successful. His department, the Chair of Biblical Languages and Literature, has been thoroughly wrought up. An eloquent and powerful preacher, an earnest and cultured scholar, a whole-souled and genial man, we greet heartily our doubly doomed and doctored brother, who is, we believe, one of the early Alumni of the Boston Theological Seminary.

Prof. Townsend and wife leave to-day in the Steamer Britannia for a six weeks' run through Britain and France. We wish them a happy trip.

Bishop Janes accompanied by his daughter started for the Pacific coast yesterday, the 12th inst. Bishop Simpson's health prevented his going. He is recruiting at Long Branch. The whole of the great work east of the Rocky Mountains will fall on Bishops Ames and Scott. We hope all these Bishops will refrain from preaching at Conferences, or doing any work except that which is officially appointed them. They cannot afford to run any risk. Pray for their preservation in health and strength.

A Western college has given Phil. Sheridan the LL. D. What one will do the like for Col. Fisk?

Rev. N. G. Axtell is preaching for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Westerly, R. I. He was a member of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, representing the 16th District. For the last two or three years Mr. Axtell has devoted himself chiefly to Temperance. — *Westerly, R. I.*

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD.—The effort to remove the debt upon Trinity Church is so far successful that it is probable the whole \$30,000 will be paid by July 1. A bargain has been made by the Union Street society for a fine lot on the corner of State and Myrtle Streets, for \$18,000. The edifice, a very fine one, will be commenced next month. The subscriptions already very nearly reach, if they do not exceed, \$30,000.

HOLYOKE.—Bro. Abbott is very much liked by the people of his new charge. During the first two months of his pastorate he received thirty on probation. A very neat card, bearing the names of church officers, announcement of services, choice texts, etc., is handed to new-comers in the town, and many are won in.

GREENFIELD.—The new parsonage, recently completed, is a very fine building, as showy as any on the principal street of the town. It is painted white, has fine windows and doors, and looks very neat and substantial, and is within roomy and convenient. The site for the church, on Main Street, is very central, and deserves a fine building to compare with its cost, \$10,000. The Greenfield brethren intend to erect just such a church, and that speedily.

TURNER'S FALLS.—Bro. Leonard progresses finely with his new mission work at this very important point. In a community almost entirely Papist, he finds many warm friends, several of whom are devoted Romanists. These people agree to assist in defraying the expense of erecting a Methodist chapel. A few weeks ago a very interesting sacramental occasion left a deep solemnity upon the audience.

FLORENCE.—A recent festival netted the ladies of this new charge \$120. The membership has increased to forty since Conference. Quite frequently three hundred attend the preaching of Bro. Bishop.

BUCKLAND.—A fair degree of interest is manifest in the church. Meetings instituted by Mrs. Van Cott a year ago at the "Mill Yard," still continue, and are very profitable. Bro. Nichols is commencing his second year with good prospects.

SOUTH HADLEY.—The pastor at South Hadley Falls, Rev. J. Candlin, accompanied by his chorister, Bro. Thomas Hitt, and others, make a weekly visit to South Hadley, and hold a service there, which is well appreciated, and quite popular.

The Sunday-school Convention, held in Warren, June 29, was one of the most successful ever held in the State.

The first regular meeting of the Springfield District preachers for the current year, was held on the 5th ult. The report sent to us got mislaid till too late for publication. The essays and addresses were all of a high order, and the occasion a most profitable and enjoyable one.

NORTH DANA.—Rev. C. E. Seaver writes: "We are rejoiced to acknowledge that the Lord is refreshing his vineyard in this place with a shower of heavenly grace. Not so much in our immediate community, which for sometime has been somewhat distracted by internal troubles, but on the outskirts souls are inquiring the way to Calvary in every meeting. About three Sabbaths ago we rejoiced to see five young disciples receive the ordinance of baptism at the hands of Bro. McCurdy, of Athol, four by immersion. It was a most impressive occasion, which will not soon be forgotten by the crowd of witnesses. Last Sabbath evening, at a five o'clock meeting in Millington school-house, seven started for glory, and last evening two more, in a 'farmer's kitchen,' one of whom has, as he confesses, for a long time been 'fighting the fire' of a most devoted wife's prayers and entreaties, as well as the Spirit of God in our very powerful meetings. The fire spreads, and we expect it will reach, if it has not already, the hearts of some others who oppose their children and wives who are seeking the Saviour. We cannot praise God enough for breaking all to pieces the hard heart last evening. To Him be all the glory. We intend holding a praise-meeting next Sabbath afternoon, as a dedicatory service, in Richards's Grove, and expect the baptism. We shall soon, with the assistance of our beloved Presiding Elder, hold a four days' grove-meeting. We would gratefully acknowledge the generous gift of \$10.00, from Sister Haskins, of Boston Highlands, also \$20.00 from J. B. Thomas, Jr., of Charlestown, with other generous contributions to the amount of \$45.00 for our Sunday-school library. May the Lord reward them for their sympathy with us, and labors of love."

VERMONT.

There will be three camp-meetings in St. Albans District this year, one in Franklin, commencing August 15, one in Morristown, commencing August 29, one in Grand Isle, commencing September 12. The captain of the steamer, running to the last place, will carry preachers and their families free, to and from the meeting.

An interesting revival is progressing in East Elmore. It goes from neighborhood to neighborhood in a region, until lately, destitute of religious meetings. Whole families are converted. Forty or more have already become decided Christians.

The Central Camp-meeting at Northfield is announced to commence August 28. This is too late. A central meeting, to be anything more than a district camp-meeting, ought to commence some time before the usual period of district camp-meetings. The district meetings cannot be held earlier on account of local necessities, and cannot be held later than usual on account of the early cold of the autumn.

Lyndonville enjoys another Temperance gathering, under the auspices of the Young Men's Temperance Society of Caledonia County. Rev. Ed. Thompson, of Boston, Rev. W. F. Mallalieu, of Worcester, Mass., and Dr. Jewett, of New Haven, Conn., are set down among the speakers.

MAINE ITEMS.

Fayette Circuit is among the oldest and best in the Maine Conference. It was organized in the year 1827, and from that time to the present has been constantly served by preachers from the Conference. During this period of forty-four years the circuit has licensed sixteen preachers, eight of whom have been recommended to the traveling connection for admission to Conference. Capt. J. S. French has been Recording Steward of the circuit for forty-three years of the forty-four of the society. Bro. French, though more than seventy years of age, is still in the enjoyment of much mental and physical vigor, and is greatly respected and beloved by the Church. His house has always been and still is the home of the itinerant.

It was in the house of Bro. French that Rev. C. W. Morse, of the Maine Conference, preached his first sermon. That sermon is still remembered by numbers of the neighbors in that vicinity. Six years ago Livermore Falls Station was set off from this circuit, and became an independent charge. The circuit, however, is still prospering finely, under the efficient pastorate of Rev. D. Waterhouse. Ten persons were baptized last Sabbath. The Church Record of this circuit is believed to be the most perfect record of forty-three consecutive years that can be found in the Conference.

The Methodist Church in New Sharon is remarkable for the longevity of its members. Rev. R. H. Kimball, the present pastor, has buried during his pastorate of two years, seven persons whose aggregate ages foot up seven hundred and fourteen years; and what is still more remarkable, aged respectively ninety-two, ninety, eighty-seven, eighty-four, and sixty-three, died in the same house. Two of these persons had been worthy members of the Methodist Church seventy-one years. There are still living in the parish, most of whom are able to attend church, seven persons, whose united ages aggregate five hundred and ninety-nine years. Probably there is no other instance of the kind in the State or in New England. Mr. Kimball has now entered upon the third year of his pastorate, and is greatly beloved and deservedly popular among his people. A good religious interest is prevailing in the charge.

The Union Church at East Wilton, owned and occupied alternate Sabbaths by the Free Baptist and Methodist churches, is now undergoing extensive repairs. It will soon, however, be reopened for the better accommodation of these respective parishes. East Wilton and Temple Circuit is prospering finely under the labors of Rev. E. Gerry. Mr. Gerry baptized seven persons at Temple, last Sabbath, June 25.

At the Quarterly Meeting for Industry Circuit, held at Starks, June 24 and 25, Rev. J. Colby, Presiding Elder of the district, baptized ten persons, nine by immersion, and one by pouring. The same day, Rev. Mr. Curt, of the Free Baptist Church in that place, baptized nine persons. Both societies are flourishing, and the prospect is good for an extensive work of grace throughout the community, especially as the difficulties, which for some time past have existed among some of the members of the Church, have been amicably adjusted, "first pure, then peaceable."

A good religious interest prevails at the present time in the Methodist Church in Mercer. Rev. D. Perry, the present pastor, has entered upon his labors with good prospect of success. Mr. Perry is a young man of much promise to the Church. He is a graduate of the Boston Theological Seminary, and was received as a probationer in the Maine Conference at its last session. Sabbath, June 18, sixteen persons were baptized in this society by Rev. P. E. Brown, former pastor of the Church. Five persons have recently joined the Church on probation, and several more are to be baptized the coming Sabbath.

We learn that the Beacon Street Church, Bath (Methodist), is greatly pleased with the appointment of their present pastor, Rev. R. Sanderson. Mr. Sanderson is a son of Rev. A. Sanderson, so long and favorably known in the Maine Conference, and at the present time Presiding Elder of the Portland District. Beacon Street Church is one of our finest charges, and most desirable appointments. We wish the reverend gentleman and his people great prosperity. Wesley Church, Bath, we understand, also, is prospering finely under the efficient pastorate of Rev. W. S. Jones.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

Rev. J. Thurston has broken up house-keeping in Dover, and he intends to spend most of his time with his family, during the summer months, on Epping Camp-ground, to recruit his health.

Rev. Lewis Howard has been preaching for several Sabbaths in a hall in Contoocookville. Some live Methodists, and some who are not Methodists, attended the preaching of the Word. The society have determined to raise and build a neat chapel at a cost of some \$2,500.

The Methodist society in Amesbury have been enjoying increasing prosperity ever since they remodeled their house of worship during the last Conference year. All the pews are let. The Sunday-school has been increasing in numbers, and the preacher's salary has been raised to \$1,000. Rev. H. B. Copp is popular among the people, and Amesbury promises to be one of our best appointments.

The Orphan's Home in New Hampshire is a great success. Rev. D. A. Mack, of the Vermont Conference, got over his diocesan lines, and commenced the work of raising funds for this Home by lecturing and preaching from place to place, as he found time and opportunity. Mr. Mack commenced the movement in Newport. Rev. C. E. Millen was the stationed pastor over the Methodist Church in Newport at the time. Mr. Millen signed \$100 in the beginning of the enterprise, and already the \$100 has become \$20,000, with a good prospect of \$10,000 more, soon to come.

The trustees of the institution have been elected. Among them, we find, from the Methodist Church, Rev. C. E. Millen, Secretary of the Board, Judge Oscar F. Fowler, of Bristol, and Orrin F. Chase, of Whitefield.

There is some talk of locating the Home on the Daniel Webster farm in Franklin. It would be a good place, much better than in one of our cities. The country air and quiet, plenty of land, and the prestige of the former occupant of the farm, would be an influence equal to an inspiration in the little orphans, when at their life-work in future years.

SUNAPEE.—W. H. Stewart writes: "I am obliged to chronicle a sad event—an event that has thrown into deep mourning all of the good people of Sunapee; and many who know the struggles of this people in the past, will deeply sympathize with us."

"On Saturday, 10th inst., about ten o'clock, the machine and clothespin shop, owned by John B. Smith, one of our leading members, was found to be on fire. The alarm was immediately given, and many were soon fighting the fire; but a strong wind soon spread the flames to other buildings. Two dwelling-houses, with out-buildings, were burned; also, our beautiful church and vestry, which had been but recently enlarged, and fitted up at great cost. Our people had strained every nerve, and made great sacrifices to accomplish this. But all is gone, and we are destitute of a place of worship. Our parsonage, also, was injured by the fire. The house was cleared of everything. Though blackened, it affords us shelter. We cannot replace our church without assistance from abroad. Who will help us? There is an insurance on the parsonage, but none on the church."

"The pastor is appointed an agent to solicit funds for a new church. Newport has responded generously. Our case is a sad one; our cause a worthy one. We ask the prayers of the churches, and money to commence operations right away on a new church."

NEW YORK.

SARATOGA.—Rev. J. Thompson writes: "The new Methodist Episcopal Church on Washington Street, Saratoga Springs, is progressing finely. Mr. J. Vaneleck, of Syracuse, the builder, is pushing things. Rev. J. M. King, our new pastor, is doing his best to keep the church together. Our neighbors are very kind, offering us the use of their churches. We have had preaching in the Baptist Church, and in the Presbyterian. Held our Quarterly Love-feast in the Presbyterian Church, in connection with the Sacrament. The Congregationalists offered us the use of their house, as did the rector of the High Episcopal persuasion. Rev. E. Watson, the genial and popular Presiding Elder of Saratoga District, now on his fourth year, left for California on the 14th, expecting to be gone six weeks. On his route he will call at Salt Lake City, to visit Judge McKean of this place. He intends to visit the Pacific Slope, viewing the many places of interest, including the Yosemite, and the big trees, etc. Our hearts have been made sad by the sudden death of Rev. E. Stover, and Rev. Wm. R. Brown, of Troy Conference, both brethren beloved. Dr. R. Hamilton had a slight attack, recently, of congestion of the brain, brought on by overwork. He is better, and the Crescent under the Doctor's supervision is receiving a fair share of the summer travel that is setting in upon us, with the thermometer at 45 degrees, at 6 A. M., on the 17th of June."

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The seventeenth session of the Eastern British American Conference of the Methodist Church took place week before last, in St. John, Rev. Henry Pope in the chair. Drs. Peck and Carrow, the delegates from our General Conference, were well received, and made a good impression. The session was a very pleasant one, and the returns show a steady progress in the work.

EAST GREENWICH (R. I.) SEMINARY.

REPORT OF THE VISITING AND EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

[The greater part of this report was read at the close of the examinations, June 27, 1871.]

The general condition of the school appears to the Committee highly satisfactory. All the premises are well preserved and cared for, so far as they depend upon the supervision of the officers of the institution, wear and tear of time and use being taken into consideration. In the boarding department, the improvements of the past year have been so marked that a favorable comparison may be instituted with any similar establishment. Under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame, the house, furniture, and arrangement in all the details of this department, leave little to be desired within the limits of their resources.

In the school proper, the Committee are persuaded that the Seminary is in the line of progress; and that if it is not now in the highest stage of usefulness that has marked its history, it is tending toward that result, under the skillful and efficient direction of the Principal, Rev. D. H. Ela. Already there are many evidences of advancement under his mild but firm discipline, mature scholarship, and temperate Christian spirit. If the principles which he brings to the government of the school and the direction of its affairs be seconded by the best efforts of its friends and the students, it cannot fail to confer distinguished benefits on society, as far as its patronage extends.

In the several departments of instruction, perhaps without an exception, the Committee see no evidence of deterioration in scholarship from the standard of former years; and in some there is a steady advance toward the highest excellence. To specify no further,

in the Department of Languages, the instruction cannot easily be excelled in thoroughness of drill, accuracy of rendering, and complete mastery of the subjects, so far as they are pursued in a preparatory course. The Music Department, which has been famous in previous years, has never been surpassed in instrumental, and rarely in vocal training. The Commercial College has been more extensively patronized, and has not fallen from the exalted merit which it long since attained. In the ornamental arts there has been an advance, as the fine exhibition in the studio proves, while the mathematical sciences, and *belles lettres*, show creditable attainments on the part of their pupils.

Prizes were offered and competed for, in composition, reading, and declamation. The ladies' prize for the best written essay was awarded to Miss Mary C. Sheffield; the gentlemen's, to David S. Baker, jr.; the prize for reading, to Miss S. Lenora Tillinghast; and that for declamation, to Arthur E. Nickerson.

The Anniversary Exhibition took place Wednesday forenoon. Twelve young ladies received the diploma of the Scientific and Literary Department, and eight young gentlemen that of the College Preparatory Department. The graduating class acquitted themselves well, and exhibited commendable advancement in the arts of reading and elocution, as well as ability and correctness in composition.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. xiv. 21

ATHENS, GREECE.—*The Spirit of Missions*, published by the Board of Missions, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, contains a most interesting letter from the Rev. Dr. Hill, who for more than forty years has been preaching the Gospel in Athens. A wonderful evangelical movement has commenced there, which promises great good. The Spirit is poured out on the people, and the work is becoming general. Will not St. Paul rejoice greatly at what the Lord is doing there?

SOUTHEASTERN AFRICA.—The Zulu Mission, South-eastern Africa, is enjoying a good degree of prosperity. Mr. Abraham writes from Mapumulo, that—

"The prejudices of the people are gradually giving way, and they are becoming more and more willing to have their children instructed. We now have, in our day school, four grandchildren of a man who once told me he would not send his children to school, lest they should become Christians. He has one son who takes part in our prayer-meetings. Our chapel is usually well filled on the Sabbath, and the people are very attentive to the preached word. But the great thing that we long for, the conversion of souls, we do not see."

SPAIN.—The Gospel is achieving glorious triumphs in Spain. The entire country is ripe, ready for the harvest. Says a correspondent in *The London Christian Work*: "We question whether there be a mission field like this in the wide earth at this moment. Having traveled through the length and breadth of Spain within these last two years, and with the experience of twenty-three years of mission work in North Africa, Turkey, and other lands, I reply, there is none." The celebrated Dr. Wylie has written an interesting work, "Daybreak in Spain," in which he says: "Surely some influence of an extraordinary kind is moving upon Spain at this hour." Protestant Christianity must triumph there.

ROME.—Rev. Henry J. Piggot, the missionary in Rome, under the direction of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, gives an interesting description in the "Missionary Notices," of the place secured there for worship. He says: "The hall was taken about a fortnight ago, and during the interval we have had it whitewashed and painted; a small internal porch added to the entrance to protect the audience from the noise and curiosity of the streets; the gas fixtures adapted to the new use of the room; a raised desk made for the preacher, and benches for the audience. The presence of the workmen in the building excited no little curiosity among the neighbors. One day, while the painter was in possession, a man entered, whom he recognized as one of the so-called *Cacciatori* of the Pope. 'What is going on here?' asks the new-comer, looking round disdainfully; 'is it a new tavern you are fitting up?' The painter, a steady attendant at the Protestant services, replies with rough Roman wit, 'No, sir; it's a druggist's shop, where pills are made to assist the digestion of the *Papalini*!' 'A druggist's shop! I don't understand.' 'It is a church, sir; an evangelical church, in which the religion of Jesus Christ will be preached as it was taught by Himself and His Apostles.' 'But a church, without altar or images!' 'Eh, sir; we have no need of that puppet-show trumpery. We worship God, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth.' The intruder, discomfited, beats a hasty retreat."

Later intelligence says an attempt was made to blow up the hall, but nobody was harmed, though the portico of the building was shivered to pieces. The authors of this outrage, we trust, will be brought to justice. Guy Fawkes cannot live in Rome long.

MISSIONARY CONCERTS.—The Missionary Concert, held monthly in some of the churches—would they were held in all—are seasons of rich religious interest. The pastors present interesting items of missionary intelligence which have been received during the month. The earnest prayers offered, the excellent singing, and appropriate remarks, constitute it one of the most interesting social services of the Church. Let all the churches enjoy it.

Our Social Meeting.

Rev. F. T. George describes—

"OLD TIMES RETURNING."

How often has there arisen in devoted hearts an earnest desire for the return of the precious seasons enjoyed in connection with the old-fashioned Quarterly Meeting. To those who are inclined to despair of the return of such scenes, the following account of a recent meeting may prove interesting and encouraging.

A little more than a year ago an organization was effected known as the "Needham Circuit Quarterly Conference Association." It embraces the Methodist churches within the limits of Old Needham Circuit, of historic fame. The second regular meeting of the Association convened in the Methodist Church in the beautiful village of Holliston, on Tuesday, the 13th inst.

The day was one of the loveliest of the season, and notwithstanding the claims of the busy world, at an early hour large delegations from the various charges within aforementioned bounds, with their pastors, were in attendance. The occasion throughout was, perhaps, as nearly akin to the Quarterly Meeting of "the olden time" as can well be secured in this age and world of change. The love-feast, in the afternoon, Dr. W. R. Clark presiding, was largely attended and sustained, from 2 o'clock till 4, p. m., with tireless zeal and unquestionable profit. The whole company of men and women were of one accord in one place. The Spirit of God came in power upon the assembly, as at the first He rested upon his disciples. The opening prayer, the mutual participation of the symbols of godly fellowship; the grand old social hymns sung with true Wesleyan lustiness; the brief but pointed testimonies given for Jesus by eighty persons, including the aged veterans in the cause, and the babe of a few weeks in Christ; the frequent and earnest responses from full hearts; the preliminary prayer-meeting in the evening, followed by an earnest and practical sermon by Bro. Wm. Merrill, of West Medway; together with the hearty sympathy and generous hospitality of the good pastor and people of the church in Holliston, served to revive in many hearts precious memories of the past; and, better still, inspired in all hearts a present faith in and zeal for the name and glory of God, which cannot but be followed by great and glorious spiritual results throughout all the section represented. One fact appears evident in connection with the success of this young and promising Association, namely, the practicability of uniting all that is good in the past, not only in the doctrines but in the usages of our grand old Church, with the kindred good of the present, so as to make all the accumulating means and facilities we possess subserve the one grand purpose of God, the edification of believers, and the ingathering of souls to Christ. The multiplication of similar occasions wrought out in a spirit of faith and consecration of time and effort throughout our beloved Zion will go far to prevent every tendency to isolation, and consequent estrangement in spirit and doctrine to which we are exposed, and clothe with the graces of unity and spiritual power all the various sections of our common Zion.

Rev. Mrs. M. D. Wellcome is a regularly licensed local preacher of our Church, licensed by Rev. J. Colby, Presiding Elder of Portland District. She has two regular appointments, at Wayne and Pownal, with occasional meetings at Falmouth. She is cordially invited by many of the preachers to their charges. She has written several books, and here writes a good letter, entitled,—

A TRIP TO GORHAM.

It was just the right kind of a day for a delightful ride, when a small party of us left Yarmouth for an excursion to Gorham, a distance of twenty-two miles. On the route we had a picnic in a pleasant grove. It was about 5 o'clock when we arrived at the village, and rode up to Bro. Moulton's, whose wife's sister was one of our company, and had invited us all to go with her. We confess to some doubts respecting the propriety of four of us going to one place, just about tea-time too—but all objections were silenced, and half ashamed, we followed our lead up to the door. Bro. M., wife and daughter met us at the carriage, and really, by the way their faces were all lighted up with smiles, and their hands grasped ours before we could be hardly introduced, one would be impressed with the idea that it was considered a very special favor for us to visit them. The hearty reception afforded made us feel all at once at home—and the entire absence of artificial compliments, and the manifestation of true Christian sociability, won our hearts completely. I said to Sister B., "If they had seemed cold and formal, how bad we should

feel, but this cordiality is delightful;" a sentiment to which she heartily responded.

We soon learned that Bro. Collins, the pastor, had heard of our intended coming, and noised it round that Sister W., the woman preacher, would be present at the Thursday evening meeting, and they must come out to hear her. O dear, how we did feel! weary with our ride, had been ill, lost our voice for several days by over-speaking, and now the people would come together on the tip-toe of curiosity to hear a woman talk who sometimes took a text and sermonized. We felt like rebelling—we were too fagged to talk, and wholly unprepared; what was to be done?

The hour came at last. We went to the vestry; quite a large gathering. A brother was praying. When he had concluded, Bro. C. looked around for us—spied us sitting in a corner—came along, and gave a real Methodist greeting, and invited us forward to speak. We offered an excuse. "Will you stay and preach Sabbath?" "We must return to-morrow." "Then you must give us a talk to-night. Come, I will introduce you;" and so we had to go, unprepared as we were. But our courage came; no, we are wrong, God gave us strength and courage, without which we could not have done it. All fear was taken away, and we never felt more at ease, nor had greater freedom in speaking than that evening. We spoke specially of the "higher life," and the simplicity of faith. About fifteen warm, quick testimonies followed. It was a precious season.

At the close, what a hand-shaking there was, and invitations were pressed upon us on all sides. The wife of dear Presiding Elder, Bro. Colby, claimed me and my companion, but Bro. M.—'s family felt so bad about it, that Sister B. had to stay to pacify them; though, by the way, it was not at all self-denying to do this, as she was completely captivated with their genial hospitality. Bro. W., our class-leader, had yielded himself to the pastor, so we were scattered for the night.

Next morning we met again, and each could speak with delight of the pleasant visit. A few calls were made by special invitation, and at 10 o'clock we had to leave amid the strong protestations of nearly a dozen. Another picnic at noon in a grove, and then we continued toward home, where we arrived, about 7 1-2 o'clock, much invigorated in health by our excursion, which was, all in all, the most delightful one we ever had.

It was the charming weather, the inward peace, the sweet Christian love toward one another, the companionship of Jesus, the heartfelt cordiality with which we were received, the social converse, the labor for Christ, and fellowship of the saints, combined with the beauties of nature, that tended to make this so satisfactory. Gorham is a very pleasant village, and its inhabitants are to be commended for their hospitality. Bro. Collins is having his second year with the Church there, and they are highly satisfied with their pastor. His health being very poor after Conference, his people gave him three weeks' furlough, and his rustication built him up wonderfully. His heart is wholly in the work; both himself and his faithful, working wife enjoy the "fullness of the blessing," and enforce it with humility and love. May God give them a glorious reformation this year!

Dear Bro. Colby we did not see. How loath we were to give him up to another district; but our loss is others' gain. But we must close our sketch. In a few days we leave for Minnesota, to spend a few months. Pray for us.

Rev. John Allen thus talks of—

EAST DEDHAM.

Having an invitation to spend a Sabbath with my good Brother De Forest, in East Dedham, I preached on Saturday evening to a good and attentive congregation. Sabbath morning, at about 9 o'clock, I preached to the prisoners in the County Jail in Dedham—some forty prisoners present, besides the officers of the prison, with a small choir of singers; and I must say that it was the most attentive congregation I have witnessed for a long time. After pointing out to them the way of life and salvation through a crucified Redeemer as well as I could, I requested all who thought the way reasonable to raise the right hand—when all, with a few exceptions, raised their hands. I then said I wanted every one who from this time will abandon his evil ways, and seek an interest in Christ, to raise the hand, when, to my astonishment, up went some thirty hands. The officers and others present seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. We then closed, and in company with Bro. DeForest I returned to East Dedham, where we enjoyed an interesting love-feast, after which I preached to them as well as I could a discourse on the subject of "Scriptural Holiness," as a distinct work wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, subsequent to that of Justification, deeper, richer, and sweeter, as being revealed in the Word of God, and as taught by Wesley, and many others of like precious faith. I enjoyed the season well. Having received a very cordial invitation from Rev. Dr. Edwards, pastor of the Congregational Church of Dedham, to preach in their church, at 3 o'clock, p. m., I consented so to do, and had a very pleasant season in preaching to them a free and full salvation through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I then had the privilege of visiting two aged ladies, one 75, the other 80 years old, by the name of Fairbanks, living in a house that was built in the year 1636, only sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims. The old ladies are the descendants of those that built the house, having always remained in the same family. This house is in decent repair. I was shown a number of curiosities of great antiquity. Among these was a gun which rested on an iron and wooden hooks placed there when the house was built. These old ladies seemed to take great pleasure in exhibiting these ancient curiosities, and relating incidents of by-gone days. I likewise

saw that great ancient oak tree, standing before another old house, where many years ago the snow was so deep that the people of the house had to get out of the chamber window, and cut wood from the top of this tree to make a fire. After being entertained by the recital of these wonderful incidents, I again returned to East Dedham, and again preached to a full house. I endeavored to let the people know that the Lord is rock, fortress, and deliverer of the true Christian, and then let the sinner know how and when he might get upon this rock.

The Farm and Garden.

FARM LIFE.

The following beautiful lines from Mrs. Sigourney, give a lively and truthful picture of life upon a farm:—

Saw ye the farmer at his plough,
As ye were riding by?
Or wearied 'neath the noon-day toil,
When the summer suns were high;
And thought you that his lot was hard,
And did you thank your God
That you and yours were not condemned
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden field, and tree,
Conspire with flowing store to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthful children gaily sport
Amid the new-mown hay,
Or proudly sit with vigorous arm
His tasks as best they may.

The Harvest Giver is his friend,
The Maker of the soil,
And earth, the mother, gives them bread,
And sheers their patient toil;
Come join them round their wintry hearth,
The heartiest pleasure see;
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

WORK FOR THE SEASON. Sowing Turnips.—In view of the short hay crop, we advise all who can, to sow more turnips than usual, both ruta-bagas and flat turnips. If the fall should be favorable, there will be a good crop that will help out very much to save hay during the fall and winter. If one has not a stock of barnyard manure for this purpose, the next best thing is super-phosphate of lime or bone phosphate or guano, though the last is quite expensive. Grass land may be turned over after the crop is off, and turnips sown. Let all be done that can reasonably be to furnish fodder.

Corn Fodder.—It is not too late for a good crop of this excellent article. It will come along to help out the feed, and may be dried during the fine days of October for winter.

Haying is now the great business of every farmer, and requires hard work and constant vigilance. Don't let the grass stand too long, nor dry it too much when cut. Herd's grass should be cut when in bloom, and the same is true of all grasses, if it can be done. Use horse power when it is possible, for the farmer who neglects to use the labor-saving machines, deserves to be called an old fogy.

Weeding and hoeing must not be wholly neglected, even for haying. There are odd hours when this work can be done.

IMPROVEMENTS OF PASTURE LANDS.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

Next to wood ashes probably the most effectual medicine for an old pasture is phosphate of lime. This compound, in its commercial form, is expensive, but may be cheaply obtained in most places in the crude state of bones. These are lying round most farmer's premises, and by the side of the streets, and especially around slaughter-houses, and may generally be had for the gathering. If any one will invent a cheap mill for grinding bones, he will do the agricultural community a great service. In their raw state they disintegrate very slowly. How destitute of phosphate of lime our old pastures are, may be inferred from the eagerness most cows manifest to chew any old bone that comes in their way. It may, in some instances, pay to strew grazing lands with the commercial phosphates, but the cost is so large, and the liability to adulteration so great, that we cannot commend its general practice. Still we dislike to see so many bones lying useless, while the pastures are starving for the want of them, and we have found the most economical mode of dissolving them is to place the bones in a cask in alternate layers with wood ashes. If the bones are put in a cask in the fore part of summer and kept moist, they will be softened by autumn so that they can be shoveled over in the compost heaps. The fermentation of the compost will complete the disintegration, and we know no top-dressing superior to this compound. Ashes alone are excellent, but when we add bones to them, it is like adding butter and sugar to dough. It makes bread into cake.

However important the earthy or inorganic elements of plant food may be for pastures, still there are few grazing lands that will not be benefited by an application of nitrogenous and carbonaceous manure. If these lands are situated at too great a distance from the barnyard for the economical transportation of compost, it will often pay to make a compost heap on the pasture.

If muck from a neighboring swamp, or leaf-mould from a neighboring pond can be easily obtained, a hill of either may be thrown up, and in the course of a year it will disintegrate and become impregnated with rich gases from the air. If some ashes, or refuse lime, or a dead horse can be added to the pile, the addition will be a great improvement. In many forests the leaf mould has accumulated in excess of the wants of the trees, and this mould alone will be found rich in potash, lime, and other mineral elements, as well as in carbonaceous matter. The value of leaves as manure has been greatly underestimated.

Many pastures are so situated that they can be irrigated by some brook running through or near them. It may seem paradoxical that we can recommend draining and irrigation on the same land, but strange as it may seem, it is both sound philosophy and good practice. It is the stagnant water in land which renders it cold and barren. If the land is thoroughly drained so that the water will soak through it, a brook may be turned upon it with great advantage. Water is not only a great absorbent of the gases of the air, but it also contains in solution many mineral elements, and as it percolates through the soil, it imparts to the land much fertilizing matter. Whoever has a brook running through his pasture, and does not distribute its waters over the surface, neglects a great resource of fertility. A furrow nearly horizontal can be ploughed, which will carry the waters whither we wish, and wherever they are distributed they will tell their own story.

There are many out of the way, hilly, and rocky pastures in New England, which scarcely pay the expense of fencing, taxes, and care. Of them we should say as was said of Ephraim, "They are joined to their idols; let them alone." The best treatment such pastures can receive is to let them return to their original use, the growth of timber. This mode of treatment hardly comes under our subject, "The improvement of pasture lands," but we are so well satisfied that many of our old pastures deserve no better treatment, that we should not make our essay complete without referring to it. In some localities the land, after it has raised a crop of timber, may again be converted to grazing. In others it pays better to keep it permanently in forest. These forests, besides their direct return of fuel and lumber, have an ameliorating effect upon the climate, breaking the force of the winds, adding to the amount of moisture, purifying the air, and otherwise modifying the atmosphere. We are delighted to see white pines springing up in many of the old pastures of New England, and as cattle never browse upon them, they are obtaining quite a foothold. They grow with great rapidity, and farmers cannot put their out of the way, rough, stony lots to a better use than the growth of white pines. They not only furnish excellent lumber, but their resinous exhalations have sanitary influence on the air, which will greatly diminish the tendency to pulmonary consumption, that fatal disease of our New England climate.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Obituaries.

Died, in Benton, Me., March 28, Mrs. MAHALA FLYE, aged 78 years.

Sister Flye was of an unobtrusive disposition, having little confidence in herself; yet she early taught her children to walk in the ways of righteousness. She became interested in the subject of experimental godliness many years ago, but did not make a public profession of her faith until her last illness. She then expressed deep regret that her life had not been more fully given to God, sought Him anew, consecrated herself, by receiving the ordinance of baptism, fully to the Lord. The sacrifice was accepted, and she passed peacefully to her rest, trusting in Jesus.

Widow LYDIA GREEN died in Otisfield, Me., May 8, in the 81st year of her age.

Mother Green sought and found the Saviour in her youth, and for more than sixty years has been striving to gain heaven, and we trust she has entered into the "Christian's home in glory."

HARRIET, wife of A. L. Green, died in Otisfield, May 17, aged 50 years.

Sister Green has been a follower of Christ for several years, loved the people of God, suffered patiently, and died in peace.

THOMAS JACKSON died in Otisfield, May 20, aged 83 years.

Father Jackson was one of the first Methodists in this town. His house has been a home for the itinerant, and he was strongly attached to the Church of his choice, attending regularly upon the means of grace until the infirmities of age deprived him of the privilege of doing so. He often spoke of his hope of heaven, and we trust he has entered into rest.

Otisfield, May 22, 1871. A. B. LOVEWELL.

ELIAS S. YOUNG died in New Salem, May 19, 1871, aged 52 years.

Bro. Young found the Saviour precious to his soul some thirty-four years ago. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wilnot at that time, and has always been, since that time, an ardent advocate and defender of the faith as it is in Christ Jesus. Bro. Young has filled important offices in the Church, while he has been permitted to sojourn in this life's pilgrimage. But he has fought a good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; thanks be to God.

Wilnot, N. H., May 25, 1871. J. W. MERRILL.

BENJAMIN GLAZIER died in Topsfield, Mass., May 29.

He lived a praying life, and enjoyed the fellowship of Christ for more than twenty years, and passed to the other world, feeling that it was good to trust the Saviour.

Topsfield, June 16.

Died, in Winslow, Vt., May 11, 1871, Mrs. SARAH H. GOODWIN, wife of Bro. H. W. Goodwin, aged 54 years.

At the age of 14 Sister Goodwin was converted to God, under the labors of the late Rev. E. J. Scott, and through all her subsequent life she was an active member in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and although she was of a very catholic spirit, she ever cherished a very ardent attachment to the Church of her choice. Even when infirmities or sickness would have justified her absence, she would be found in her accustomed place, an earnest and devout worshiper. The type of her religious experience, her uniform devotion to God, rendered her like the tree planted by the rivers of waters, bringing forth his fruit in his season. She was an active member of the Sunday-school. Just before her death she seemed conscious that the time of her departure was at hand, told her anxious husband

and family that her hour had come, and begged them not to try to detain her, as she was all ready to go.

A. J. INGALLS.

REV. WILLIAM GARDINER finished probation and earth-work at Providence, R. I., June 5, 1871, aged 71 years.

Bro. Gardiner was born at East Greenwich, R. I., Jan. 12, 1800. He was converted under the labors of Rev. Job Pratt, at Mansfield, Ct., nearly fifty-five years ago. He was baptized by Rev. Timothy Merritt, and received into the Church the same year. He joined the New England Conference on trial in 1822, and was stationed at Rochester, N. H. In 1823 he was stationed at Durham, Me. The following year he was admitted into full connection in the Conference, ordained Deacon, and stationed at Poplin and Galen, N. H. His health becoming poor, he located in 1835. Systematic in his habits, and even in his temperament, he has left us as—

"The corn in its fullness,
And sear in its leaf."

April 29, 1829, he was married to Miss Mary J. Guy, daughter of Dr. William Guy, of Farmington, N. H., who survives, with three daughters, to mourn their irreparable loss. As a minister he was clear in his convictions, concise in his statements, logical in his reasoning, and impressive in his utterance. In the domestic relations his virtues were of a high order, and in the Church he will be long missed for his regularity in attendance, and his uniformly edifying participation in the service.

His disease was consumption, the progress of which has been slow, leaving him time to finish his earthly labors, and calmly await the Master's call. His experience was long characterized more by trust than triumph, in which state of mind, as death approached, after saying to his Christian sister that he was only going a little before her, he endeavored to articulate, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Edgar F. Clark, his pastor, assisted by Rev. Micah J. Talbot, Presiding Elder of Providence District, and Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, of Chestnut Street Church. Thus God's workmen depart, not into the grave, but by the way of the grave, to the throne.

Providence, June 22, 1871. EDGAR F. CLARK.

Died, in Enfield, N. H., June 5, Widow HANNAH DAY, aged 74 years.

Sister Day has been a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church upwards of fifty years, and for the last twelve years comparatively helpless from paralysis of one side. She "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," and the name of Jesus always awoke a chord in her soul that vibrated to His praise. We believe, with her, "to die was gain."

N. Grantham, N. H., June 13, 1871. B. P. SPALDING.

ANNIE E. S. BATER left the Church militant for the Church triumphant, June 6, 1871, aged 15 years and 4 months.

She was born again of the Spirit in September, 1870. Since then her course has been onward, joining and attending class, receiving the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and on May 7 was received into the Church. She loved the means of grace, was a faithful witness for Jesus, earnestly prayed and labored for the salvation of others, showed piety at home by cheerful devotion to domestic duties, and was ready to go when the Saviour called her to a higher station. The Master has transplanted this opening flower, and we deeply feel our loss, but rejoice in the fragrance it has left behind, and in the faith that it will never wither, but expand in beauty and grace forever.

Boston, June 14, 1871. F. FURBER.

Dr. G. C. CLOUGH, a widely known and eminent physician and surgeon, died at his residence in Greenland, N. H., June 7, of typhoid pneumonia.

Bro. Clough was one of those consistent, every-day Christians, whose religion shone through all his life, both public and private. At the bedside of the sick and suffering, he carried the blessed balm of pure religion, ever ready and anxious to administer to the spiritual as well as physical wants of the afflicted. Possessing a genial, social temperament, he was a pleasant companion of both old and young. In the position which he occupied as superintendent and teacher of the Sunday-school, this element shone with peculiar lustre, endearing him to all that knew him. At home he was one of the most affectionate and indulgent of husbands and fathers, training his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, setting them an example of humble attachment to the meek and lowly Saviour, and his course upon earth; and his two sons are striving to follow in his footsteps to heaven. As a citizen, probably no man in Greenland has as many sincere friends as Dr. Clough. Beloved and honored by all who knew him, he was preeminently the people's physician and friend. His hand of benevolence was ever open to the wants of the needy, and the mass mourn his departure as of a brother. The medical profession has lost one of its brightest ornaments in his death.

He was converted and joined the Church at the age of 16 years, and has ever remained a steadfast, working member. His life was one constant testimony for the Master. Ever rejoicing in the strength of his Redeemer, he was the life of the social means of grace, and a sanctified power for good among the young. His last hours were peaceful and very triumphant, and when, near the close of life, a near friend said to him, "We fear you must go," he replied, "It is all right; all is well." And with this sweet echo lingering in the memory of those who still remain, he took his departure for his home in heaven.

Greenland, N. H., June 20, 1871. F. D. CHANDLER.

Died, in Lawrence, Mass., June 12, EMILY W., wife of James Boardman.

Sister Boardman was born in Peacham, Vt., on the 10th of October, 1820. About her 18th year she gave her heart to the Saviour and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In her daily life she exemplified the quiet and beautiful graces of the Christian character. Her piety was characterized not so much by ecstatic fervor, as by a steady devotion to the one great purpose of her life. Her last sickness was long continued, and at times very painful; but she endured all with Christian patience. When no longer able to speak, she gave evidence that all was well. Hers was, and is, the blessedness of those who die in the Lord.

E. F. P.

JESSE SMITH died in Bethel, Me., June 15, aged 83 years.

He was one of the pioneer settlers of Grafton, Me., and was subjected to all the hardships of such a life. About twelve years since he moved his family into Bethel, where he died in the triumphs of faith. She was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church about forty-three years ago, and ever after his conversion a conscientious Christian consistency characterized his daily walk.

JOHN H. GRIFFIN.

CHARLES W. BROOKS died in Upton, Me., June 17, of quick consumption, aged 25 years.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was very much interested in the success and progress of the Sabbath-school. With a faith unwavering, he clung to Christ. A few days before he died, he said to me: "Jesus is mine, and I am safe. I have no fear of the future. I am in the hands of a loving Father."

J. H. GRIFFIN.

Newry, Me., June 29, 1871.

Died, in Exeter, N. H., June 15, TAMSON ELLISON, aged 48 years and 9 months.

Sister Ellison was converted in early life, and has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years. She was actively interested in the prosperity of the Church, a faithful friend, a very kind neighbor, and served her own household with diligence. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

S. E. QUINBY.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Rockland District Ministerial Association, at Clinton, July 17.
 Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Richmond, Me., Aug. 8, continuing 8 days.
 Coos Ministerial Association, at Gorham, N. H., Aug. 15.
 Yarmouthport Camp-meeting, Aug. 15, to continue ten days.
 Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 21.
 Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 21.
 Kennebec Camp-meeting, Aug. 22, continuing over the following Sabbath.
 Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 22, to be held 8 days.
 Empire Grove Camp-meeting, East Poland, Aug. 22.
 Hedding Camp-meeting, Aug. 23, to continue over the Sabbath.
 Springfield District Camp-meeting, at Hatfield, Aug. 26.
 Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.
 Rockland District Camp-meeting, at South Windsor, Sept. 4-6.
 Bath, N. H., Camp-meeting, Sept. 4.
 Stark Camp-meeting, Sept. 11.
 Maine State Camp-meeting, Aug. 9 to Aug. 15. Particulars next week.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY ANNIVERSARIES.

The Rubicon is passed once more, and another class has left the "Grotto" and the "Dell," and the everlasting hills that overlook the modest old Temple of Science standing among the grand new buildings as approvingly and meekly as a mother among her honored children when they rise up to call her blessed. Another class of promise has gone from the classic shades of Wilbraham with the benedictions and honors of faithful instructors and watchful Trustees, to scenes of a broader culture and richer harvests, or to the struggles of active labor in life with such preparation, mainly, as the older Wesleyan has given them. The names of the graduates are:—

In the English and Classical course: Sarah W. Clapp, Mattie E. Gould, Mollie E. Harrison, C. Emma King, and Nellie A. Wood. In the Classical: Oliver A. Coleman, Warren A. Luce, Crandall J. North, David J. Richards, James M. Smith, George E. Sanderson, Edward O. Thayer, Melvin C. Wood, Henry M. Walradt, and Joseph Zweifel. In the English and Scientific: Adelia M. Hall, S. Buskirk Barnes, Henry M. Grant, and O. Raymond Howe. In Music: Annie G. Brewer, and M. Emma Harrison.

These had parts in the exhibition, and also, W. J. Parkinson and Ella C. King, of which much might be said to their credit; but I will only mention the Music as excellent, by the Springfield Armory Band; the Overture by M. Emma Harrison, pianist; Aria, "Hear ye Israel," *En-Jah*, sung with great effect by Annie G. Brewer; and, Oration by Mr. Barnes.

Tuesday evening, Prof. J. Hastings, jr. gave a concert by his Music Class, which treated the large audience to pure harmony and elevated sentiment, and he "handled the organ" himself with such skillful combinations and admirable constructions, as made one think the spirit of some great music-master was in him.

On Monday evening the Rev. G. W. Woodruff, D. D., lectured on "Bright Days Abroad," and gave a large party a pleasant, though rapid excursion through Europe, and into Palestine, without any sea-sickness on the water, or weariness on land. I might as well go to the beginning of these anniversary exercises and say that on Sunday, A. M., June 25, Rev. B. K. Peirce, D. D., preached a sermon before the graduating class from Isaiah, xxxii, 20: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Theme: The Divine Benediction on Christian Service, and the Laws of Spiritual Success. The discourse was spoken of by those who heard it as able and impressive. The Doctor also spoke at the anniversary of the Academy Sunday-school in the afternoon, on "Unconscious Influence." Prof. Boothby, Superintendent, wrote a colloquy on "Idle Words," which was spoken on this occasion with marked effect; and this is only one of fifteen which he has written for the Sunday-school since he has had charge. This is the teacher in the Academy who has had every class that has been examined marked excellent during his five years' toil in Wilbraham.

In regard to the examination of the several classes this year, about the same re-

port was given as heretofore: fair, 2; good, 12; excellent, 23; the young ladies in the Fine Arts presented some excellent work in painting, under the direction of Miss True. The military company formed by students, called the Clafin Phalanx, performed Monday P. M., under the eye of the Governor whose name they bear, and other distinguished visitors and comrades, some fine evolutions, showing good drill under the direction and training of Capt. North, who learned how to carry arms in the late war. One colored soldier in the ranks attracted particular attention.

The Mowry Chemical Prize was awarded to Miss Hall. Mr. Richards, valedictorian, took the Mead Classical Prize. And the Warren Prize for the greatest improvement last term, senior year of those preparing for College, was received by G. E. Sanderson. Five gentlemen and five ladies spoke for the Brumagim Prize for Declamation, and three with almost equal success, but the five weighty judges gave it to Miss Jennie Learned.

Additional prizes were offered for the ensuing year. One for the Botany Class, of \$20, by Dr. B. K. Peirce; another for the Rhetoric Class, of \$20, by Rev. J. O. Knowles, and still another, for the Fine Arts, by Rev. M. Emory Wright.

Professors Chace and Brumagim closed their labors with the term, and perhaps some others. The Trustees elected Mr. E. Rice, now teaching the High School in Holliston, Professor of Elocution.

The results of another year's toil in this oldest and best among our academic institutions have gone to the record, and in human judgment they showed close and diligent appreciation on the part of a large majority of the students under the direction of able, thorough, and competent teachers. It is hoped by numerous friends of this Academy that a larger liberality will furnish means for its future prosperity and widest usefulness.

W. A. BRAMAN, Secretary.

UNION COLLEGE.

The seventy-fifth annual commencement of this institution, rendered celebrated by the life-long services of Dr. Nott, came off on Wednesday, June 28. Talent, wit, and beauty, age and adolescence assembled in due proportions in the beautiful Dutch church, bearing the arms of Holland in the Rose Window, and Faith, Hope, Charity, Job, and Jesus, towering in stained glass above pulpit and organ in the opposite gable. Twenty speakers discussed all creation, especially the French end of it, which just now furnishes a theme for orators of every capacity from General Butler in defense of the Commune, down to the unfledged school girl with lisping accents, and a crow-quill composition tied up with blue ribbon, commencement exercises afford a refreshing display of dogmatism and crudity. Originality is rare even in sparkles. Everything is cut after the inexorable fashion of the swallow-tailed coat. Most of the young gentlemen spoke so as to be distinctly heard, and what is commendable, the pieces were well committed. The exhibition was not marred by a single instance of pausing, and requiring the aid of that detestable nuisance, the prompter. Each speaker in turn was loaded down with bouquets, rained upon the stage in pelting showers, and requiring the aid of a man in attendance to clear away the heaps of posies to make room for the next speaker. This is liable to excess, especially in June, when roses are so abundant in every hedge as to be scarcely worth the picking. Twenty-four young gentlemen were admitted to the Bachelor's Degree, and probably twenty to the Master's. Union never fails to make a batch of D. D.'s, and this year added six to this honorable fraternity: Rev. E. H. Sears, Wayland, Mass.; Rev. C. H. Taylor, Le Roy, N. Y.; Rev. C. N. Waldron, Cohoes, N. Y.; Rev. G. H. Walsh, Troy,

N. Y.; Rev. W. C. Roberts, Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. W. D. Smart, Albany, N. Y.

It found a worthy subject for LL.D. in the Hon. Sidney Breese, of Illinois. Prizes were awarded by the President after the degrees with much hand-clapping and congratulation. President Aikin resigns his position, and returns to Princeton, and his place is now to be filled by Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, and grandson of the venerable Dr. Nott. He is a young and untried man, but if he has the rare sense, and peculiar governing qualities that inhered in his father and grandfather, and that distinguish his brother, Dr. Henry C. Potter, of Grace Church, New York, he will prove a prize to the college, and may reign over its halls as long and as successfully as his grandsire did before him. The music for the occasion was "ear-splitting brass," furnished by Doring's band, of Troy, at an expense of \$900 for three days; and the whole wound up with a ball, a ticket to which was innocently proffered to the writer by one who did not know his "cloth." When he dances it will be with the elephants in the dress of the HERALD and the *New York Advocate*. A. D. M.

LETTER FROM INDIANA.

Will the HERALD allow a Sucker to write of Hoosier affairs? I have watched each issue of the HERALD for some months, and although it has many warm friends who feast on its brilliancy, wit, wisdom, and religion, yet not a word from Indiana. Where is Bros. Brakeman, or Gee, Dr. J. L. Smith, or A. A. Brown?

I am not speaking for the editor, but I should like a dish of hash from Indiana served up in the HERALD now and then. Can the HERALD afford to be silent on Methodist affairs from the only Methodist western State?

True, Bro. Goodwin is trying to monopolize all local and "foreign" Methodist item interests, and right well he is doing it as any issue of his paper will prove. His paper is growing in grace and favor every day. Long may it wave.

Bro. Brown, also, of Greencastle, who does not love class-meetings any better than the eloquent mouthpiece of New England—ZION'S HERALD—is editing a pleasant Monthly devoted exclusively to their interests. We hope he will tell us often "how he is getting along this morning, and what his hopes of heaven are." The new paper by Goodwin, and the new Monthly by Brown & Bowers—two Bs, but not two Ds—issue from Indianapolis. This letter, is not from Indianapolis. A brother who would burn well—his letters, I mean, because they are printed on paper, of course—keeps the *Western* posted up about every week on Indianapolis affairs. We write of such items as the country, not the city affords, and generally with the churches of the country may be said what one sees so few times in his life, namely, "Man made the city, but God made the country," or something to that effect!

Trinity Church, Lafayette, Ind., under the pastorate of Rev. N. L. Brakeman, is rapidly completing its new house of worship, which will be one of the finest structures in the State when completed. Bro. Brakeman is serving his congregation for the third year.

Rev. A. A. Gee, of Crawfordsville, of whom New England has heard, is closing up his second year in his church. His work has been of the best.

Dr. Smith, of Crawfordsville District, has made his little one a thousand, and a more efficient minister and P. E. cannot be found in the West.

Indiana is in no danger so long as such choice men conduct her Church affairs. The West shouts to the East, "Let us go up and possess the land." H. O.

The Secular World.

WHAT IS THE NEWS?

Domestic.

The ninety-fifth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated throughout the country, including Richmond (for the first time since the war), in the usual style. The combustion of powder is said to have been greater than ever, especially in New York. There were no serious fires; but an unusual number of fire-arms accidents. There were several fatal railroad casualties, chiefly owing to drunkenness on the part of the sufferer. In fact, intemperance was a prominent feature of "the day," at least among our Irish patriots. Several wagon loads of beer were sold publicly on Boston Common for the first time these many years. By and by we'll be no better than our forefathers, whose glorious deeds we anniversaried.

A rotten railroad bridge near Nashville, Tenn., gave way beneath a train on the Fourth, and some sixteen or twenty persons were killed, and many more than that number wounded.

A serious conflict between the United States authorities and the Mormons was narrowly escaped on the Fourth, owing to the promptness and energy of the former. The Nauvoo legion were to have a parade in defiance of the Governor's proclamation forbidding the same; but a considerable force of the United States troops from Camp Douglass, backed by some three thousand miners and others, effectually crushed the design. The Mormons celebrated the Fourth at their Tabernacle, the exercises chiefly consisting in abusing the federal officers.

The horse plague is bad in New York, and the cholera infantum in Brooklyn.

Chicago has just opened a second tunnel under the river.

The President has issued his proclamation, making the Treaty of Washington the law of the land; thus, by the most friendly deliberations, a great international question has been permanently settled, and the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race bound by a closer embrace than ever before. "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." Who shall dare say the day is far in the future when all such questions will be so justified? The kingdom of God is at hand.

Peaches are plentiful in the market, and at very reasonable rates.

A furious storm of wind, accompanied by heavy rain, visited Dayton, Ohio, on Sunday afternoon, smashing up and unroofing houses, churches, and depots, to the value of some \$50,000, killing and wounding over twenty persons.

Mr. Wilbur, an efficient and much respected policeman of Chelsea, Mass., was assassinated in that city last week, at midnight, and buried from Mount Bellingham Church on Sunday, Rev. J. O. Knowles officiating. The supposed assassin has been arrested.

Syracuse, N. Y., was visited by a terrible storm on Sunday.

The passenger trains on the New York and Newark Railroad ran into each other, near East Newark, on Saturday morning, killing four persons and injuring fifteen others. The accident was caused by the carelessness of a switch tender, and will cost the railroad \$100,000.

Great Britain.

The Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, with the Prince Imperial and Princess Victoria, arrived in London on the 6th, and were received at the station by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Crown Prince is to confer the order of the Black Eagle on Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to England.

Great complaint is made in England because of the high rates of cable tariff. A speedy reduction is not improbable.

Destructive freshets have recently oc-

curled in the Derwent, Cote, Severn, and Costa rivers, accompanied by unusually severe thunder storms.

France.

The vote of the army is large for a Republic.

On the 6th, the Bank of France despatched 104,000,000 francs in specie to Prussia. Fourteen dray carts were needed for the transportation of the amount to the railway station.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction on the part of the French peasantry in these districts yet occupied by the Prussians; and riots are of frequent occurrence. The Prussians, however, will not leave till fifteen hundred millions of the indemnity have been paid, three hundred and twenty-five millions have already been paid.

Count de Chambord, has issued a proclamation declaring his intention to stand by the white flag of Henry the Fourth and Joan of Arc. It has created great excitement.

The French ship *Souvenance* has been totally destroyed on the coast near the Cape of Good Hope. All on board, including a large number of passengers, were lost. One hundred and fifty bodies had washed ashore from the wreck.

Italy.

A large portion of the roof of Mont Cenis tunnel fell in last week, and a number of workmen were buried beneath the debris. Engineers are apprehensive of similar breaks in the roof, and are about to strengthen it with supports.

On the night of the 3d the municipality of Rome gave a brilliant ball, at which Victor Emmanuel was present, at the close of which he started for Florence. There has been a universal attendance of cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church during the king's stay at Rome. The removal of the capital from Florence to Rome gives universal satisfaction, as is testified by jubilees and other festivities. But for the name of the thing, Florence is the more preferable of the two.

The Pope has written to Thiers that he will remain in Rome.

The English are terribly scared by a fictitious battle described in *Blackwood*, in May, and reprinted by Putnam & Son, New York. It is the Battle of Dorking, fought by the Germans against the English, about a dozen miles from London, near Epsom and Malden, Richmond and Hampton Court, Aug. 15, in the year 1875. He describes the unpreparedness of England, the suddenness of the attack, the completeness of the rout and overthrow. A few personal touches are introduced, and the old volunteer in 1925, is telling this story to his grandchildren, just as they are emigrating to foreign lands. France recovers, but England is "done gone." The first blow of Bismarck smashes her all to pieces. Her colonies set up for themselves, or go to America. Ireland is independent, and everything gone to everlasting smash. It is a pretty piece of pyrotechnic thunder, and may scare the Radicals a little, but not enough to give the country back to the Tories. This battle is located where Sam Weller's father found his loving spouse. Her inn was the "Marquis of Granby, Dorking." The village is not described in "Pickwick Papers." The latter fiction describes it, as "the little town of Dorking, nestled in the trees, and rising up the face of the slopes on either side of the valley." It is surprising that the Tory historian did not note the Marquis of Granby tavern, and old Tony Weller, sitting sublime in the midst of the ruins of his "hinn" and his "Hingland." It is a curious instance of unconscious consciousness.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best Hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

July 8, 1871.

GOLD.—1.13% @ 1.13%.

FLOUR.—Superfine, 5.00 @ \$5.50; extra, \$6.00 @ \$6.50; Michigan, \$6.75 @ \$7.00; St. Louis, \$7.00 @ \$7.50; Southern Flour, \$6.50 @ \$7.00.

Southern and Western Yellow Corn, \$1 @ \$2 cents; Western Mixed, 70 @ 81c. bushel.

OATS.—65 @ 66c. bushel. Shorts, \$22.00 @ 23.00 @ ton.

RYE.—\$1.10 @ 1.20 per bushel.

SEED.—Timothy, Herds' Grass, \$4.00 @ 4.50; Red Top, \$6.00 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$3.00 per bushel; Clover, 10% @ 11c. per lb.

APPLES.—\$6.00 @ 8.00 per bbl.

PORK.—\$18.00 @ 19.00; Lard, 10% @ 11% c.; Hams 12 @ 13c.

OLD BUTTER.—9 @ 10c.; New, 20 @ 30c.

CHEESE.—Factory, 11 @ 12c.; Dairy, 5 @ 12c.

EGGS.—15 @ 16 cents per doz.

DRIED APPLES.—5 @ 9c. per lb.

HAY.—Eastern pressed, \$22.00 @ 33.00 per ton, as to quality.

POTATOES.—\$4.00 per bbl.

SWEET POTATOES.—Out of the Market.

BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$2.75; medium, \$2.00 @ 2.12; common, \$1.50 @ 1.62.

LEMONS.—\$4.00 @ 4.25 per box.

ORANGES.—\$5.00 @ 5.50 per box.

ONIONS.—\$3.00 per barrel.

CARROTS.—\$2.25 per bushel.

TURNIPS.—\$5.00 @ 6.00 @ 100 bunches.

CABBAGE.—Small new, \$2.50 @ 3.00 @ bbl.

GREEN PEAS.—\$4.00 @ 5.00 per bbl.

RHUBARB.—\$1.00 @ 1.50 cwt.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine.

Cattle, 1,845; Sheep and Lambs, 4,717; Swine, 4,680; number of Western Cattle, 1,740; Eastern Cattle, 21; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 75. Cattle left over from last week.—

PRICES. Beef Cattle.—Extra, \$10.25 @ 10.50; first quality, \$9.75 @ 10.00; second quality, \$9.00 @ 9.50; third quality, \$8.50 @ 8.75; poorest grades, \$8.00 @ 8.25 @ 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and dressed Beef). Many of the Cattle are sold by the pound, live weight.

Brighton Hides.—7% @ c. per lb.

Brighton Tallow.—6 @ 6% c. per lb.

Country Skins.—c. @ 10c. each.

Hides.—7 @ 7% c. per lb. for country.

Tallow.—5 @ 5% c. per lb. for country.

Lamb Skins.—\$1.00 each.

Sheep Skins.—\$1.00 each.

Calves.—10 @ 12c. per lb.

Sheep Skins.—\$1.00 each.

Wool Sheep Skins.—\$1.75 @ 2.25 each.

Working Oxen.—Not much call for them, and a few pairs are all that the market requires during the hot summer months. Most of those in Market are driven from the immediate vicinity. Prices range from \$140 to \$275 per pair.

Milk Cows. Extra, \$40 @ 60; ordinary, \$30 @ 40. Store Cows, \$35 @ 60 per head. Prices of Milk Cows depend much upon the fancy of the purchaser. Most of those in Market were of a common grade. Not a large supply in, but enough for the demand. We quote prices from \$35 to \$100 per head.

Store Cattle.—With the exception of Working Oxen and Milk Cows, there are but a few Store Cattle offered for sale, nearly all the small being sold for Beef. Sheep and Lambs. Most of the Sheep and Lambs came from the West, and were taken at a commission, or owned by butchers, who have agents buying for them. Western Sheep cost from 5 to 7 cents @ lb. Lambs from 3 to 10 cents @ lb. A few Lambs were sold at \$4.00 to 4.50 @ head. Nearly all the Northern Sheep were commissioned to butchers.

Store Pigs. Western—wholesale, 6 @ 6% cents per pound; retail, 6 @ 6% cents per pound. Columbia County Spring Pigs—wholesale, 6 @ 6% cents @ lb.; retail, 8 @ 10 cents @ lb. Canada Pigs—wholesale, 6 @ 6% cents @ lb.; retail, 8 @ 10 cents @ lb. Fat Hogs—\$6.00 @ Market. Prices 4% @ 5 cents @ lb.

REMARKS.—The supply of Cattle in Market this week has not been so large as that of last. The quality was far as good. Cattle cost higher at Albany, but prices here have not materially changed. The best lots sold at 7% cents @ lb. Nearly all the Cattle are sold by the pound, live weight. On account of the Fourth the trade has not been so lively as it was last week, there being but a few Beeves in Market. Western Cattle have been arriving nearly every day this week.

Money Letters Received to July 8.

L. N. Burnell, P. F. Bresse; G. E. Chapman, J. M. Clark, J. P. Cole, W. J. Clifford, A. J. Church, E. B. Conklin; E. P. Dole; B. Foster; W. W. Huntington, C. D. Hills, N. Hobart; C. J. Judkins; H. H. Smith, J. B. Sanborn, D. W. Spencer, E. S. Stubbs; H. F. Torrey; J. F. Wellman.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from July 1 to July 8.

J. M. Adams, F. A. Archer, C. C. Alley, K. Atkinson, M. Adams; A. W. Browne, D. C. Brick, A. W. Balne, H. P. Blood, M. L. Barnes; O. H. Chesley, A. J. Church, F. W. Clark, J. L. Clark, J. A. Colson, A. M. Carey; L. E. Dunham, S. C. Dyer; C. K. Evans, S. D. Elkins; J. T. Ferris, C. Fales, E. S. French; S. Gates, S. S. Gross, J. W. Guernsey, J. T. Gracey, E. G. Gordon; E. H. Hatfield, N. Hobart, H. Heath, T. Hillman, H. Hazen, P. H. Hickey; P. Jacques, W. Johnston; C. K. Lunt, A. B. Lovell, J. B. Lapham, N. G. Lippett; J. Mather, J. S. Mase, J. H. Mason, D. Mcgahy, W. W. Moore, L. Montgomery; J. H. Phillips, M. Palmer, R. C. Parsons, A. A. Presbury, B. F. Pease; A. Reynolds, N. B. Eble, L. W. Eadsell, W. H. Reed; A. Scribner, H. Stacey; O. E. Thayer, I. Turner, I. J. Tibbetta, M. Tibbetta, R. E. Thomas, H. S. Tuttle; R. S. Willard, G. W. Wooding, B. Wing, H. D. Weston, A. Woodward, C. H. Waterhouse.

J. P. MAGEE, Agent, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Acknowledgments.

Rev. C. W. Sleeper, preacher in charge at Barnstable, Mass., desires to acknowledge a gift of \$75, cash, from the Ladies' Benevolent Society of his Church, accompanied with many good wishes and encouraging words, the value of which cannot be estimated.

Rev. M. H. A. Evans acknowledges the reception of a surprise visit from the ladies of the East Boston Union Church. They took forcible possession of the parsonage, literally throwing the parson with their numbers, thrilling the heart with their encouraging speeches, and burdening the kitchen and cellar with groceries and goodies.

Rev. F. W. Smith and wife, of N. Angusta, Me., would take this opportunity to express their thanks for the kind remembrance, and bountifully supplied baskets, left at their door, and elsewhere, by the people of their charge. They never seem to tire of trying to add to the comfort of the preacher and his family.

Church Register.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

CONCORD DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

July 11, 12, Jefferson, O. Cole; 12, 16, Lancaster, W. E. Bennett; 13, Stratford Hollow; 18, Milan; 19, Stark; 20, Groveton; 22, 23, Colebrook and Columbia; 23, Littleton; 25, Bethlehem; 29, 30, A. M., Lyman; 30, P. M., Lisbon; 30, 31, Landaff, A. Adams.

August—1, 6, North Monroe; J. Hooper; 2, 6, North Haverhill; W. C. Robinson; 3, 6, Haverhill, M. Sherrill; 4, 6, Plymouth; A. M., Matteson; 5, 6, A. M., Swiftwater; 6, P. M., Benton; 6, 7, E. Haverhill, H. Chandler; 9, 13, Warren, W. H. Jones; 10, 13, Rumney; J. H. Brown; 11, 15, Plymouth, A. C. Hardy; 12, 15, M., Sandwich; 13, 17, M., Montpelier; 14, 18, A. M., South Sandwich; 15, 19, P. M., South Tamworth, L. L. Eastman; 16, 20, Laconia, G. W. Ruland; 17, 20, E. Tilton, J. T. Davis; 18, 21, M., Plymouth; 19, 22, P. M., Tuftonboro and Wolfboro; at T: 21, 27, Tilton, J. H. Haynes; 27, E. Franklin, C. W. Millen.

September—9, 10, A. M., Hooksett; 10, P. M., Suncook; 10, A. M., Bow, H. H. Hartwell; 17, Groveton, Stark, and Milan, at Stark Camp-ground; 19, 24, St. Paul's, E. A. Smith; 20, 24, Manchester Centre, J. M. Bean; 23, 24, A. M., Chichester; 24, P. M., London; 24, 28, Concord, S. F. Heath; 24, 28, Fishersville, A. E. Drew.

I shall attend the Quarterly Conferences in person, unless the brethren are otherwise notified.

Tilton, July 4, 1871. S. G. KELLOGG.

CLAREMONT DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

July—1, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

August—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

September—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

October—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

GARDINER DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

July—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

August—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

September—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

October—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, P. M.

NOTE.—South Paris is connected in Quarterly Conference with North Norway, and Harpswell with Brunswick.

The District Stewards of Gardiner District are requested to meet at the camp-ground, East Poland, on Thursday, Aug. 24, at 1 o'clock P. M.

GEO. WEBBER.

TO THE PREACHERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.—You will remember that at the last session of our Conference a New England Conference Historical Society was organized. This Society has already entered upon its work, and desires to obtain all the information which it can concerning the history of Methodism in our denomination. As a first step, I was instructed to request the pastors of our churches to forward to me, for the Society, printed copies of the history of societies, or manuscript copies of such histories, or other valuable documents or relics of Methodism. Send to the care of JAMES P. MAGEE, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

SALEM, June 27, 1871.

NOTICE.—Persons desiring to select tent lots on the Willimantic Camp-ground, if they will write me, I will meet the Committee on the ground from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. of either of the following days: July 15 and 16; also, Aug. 11 and 12.

Any one wishing to purchase a good cloth tent cheap, can do so by writing to the undersigned.

Danielsonville, July 5. GEO. W. BREWSTER.

STERLING JUNCTION CAMP-GROUND.—Persons or families visiting the above place, can procure board by the day or week of J. Wellman, who will open the public boarding department Aug. 1st.

Any persons who may wish to let or hire cottages or tents, will please to inform J. Wellman, Marlborough, Mass., or the undersigned.

Excursion tickets, at the Camp-meeting rates, will be for sale from Worcester, at F. A. Clapp's, and from Boston at J. P. Magee's, 36 Bromfield Street.

As the above grounds are in the neighborhood of Mount Wachusett and Lake Wachusett, it offers great attractions to persons who would enjoy rest where they can have the purest of air, and the delights of fishing and country sports.

VERMONT METHODIST SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Anniversary Exercises of this institution will take place July 16-18, as follows:—

Annual Session by the Synod, Sunday, the 16th, at 10% A. M., in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Examinations Tuesday and Wednesday A. M. Address before the Sabbath School, Tuesday evening, by W. R. Clark, D. D. of Boston. Subject: "The Heroic Element in Mental Culture."

Meeting of the Alumni, Wednesday, at 3 P. M. Exercises of the Graduating Class at 7% P. M., Wednesday.

Montpelier, Vt., June 29, 1871.

The new Methodist Episcopal Church in Ashburnham, Mass., will be dedicated to the worship of God on Thursday, July 20, services commencing at 11 A. M. Sermon by Rev. I. G. Bidwell, of Cambridgeport.

Feast of Dedication in the vestry, at 2 P. M. The 5.18 train from Fitchburg will accommodate those who come from Worcester, and points east of Fitchburg. Stage-coaches will run from the depot at South Ashburnham for conveyance up to the church.

A cordial invitation is extended to preachers and friends from abroad. A special invitation is extended to former pastors of the Church to be present.

Social reunion in the evening, in the vestry.

ALUMNI MEETING.—The Alumni of the Seminary at Newbury, Springfield, and Montpelier, Vt., are requested to meet in the Seminary Chapel at Montpelier, on Wednesday, July 19, at 3 P. M., for the purpose of forming an Alumni Association. A full attendance is requested. Per order of Committee.

Montpelier, Vt., June 30, 1871.

Marriages.

At Boston Highlands, June 25, by Rev. J. P. Collier, Edwin L. Wade, U. S. A., to Miss Emma F. Shorey, of Lowell, Mass.

In Philadelphia, on the morning of the 6th of June, at 161 Arch Street, by Rev. Henry W. Warren, pastor of Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church, James R. White to Sallie Karp Cookman, daughter of the late Thomas Karp, esq.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. B. Foster, Bethel, Me.
Rev. Joseph Gerry, Freedom, Ill.

Business Notices.

ROOT BEER.

A DESIRABLE SUMMER DRINK, from articles of a superior quality, including Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Spicewood, Wintergreen and Chequerberry. A package, containing a sufficient quantity to make five gallons, at the low price of 25 Cents per Package.

This Beer is, in many respects, the BEST DRINK of the kind ever manufactured, as its medicinal properties render it exceedingly valuable in any disarrangement of the STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEYS, a free use of it keeping those important members in a healthy condition. Those who have used it pronounce it far superior to *Oleum Beer*; and it has this advantage over the "OHAWA"—it can be made by any one, by simply getting a package of the material. Is manufactured and for sale at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 37 Court St., Boston.

SUMMER CARPETS.—Another invoice of Canton Matting for 20 cents per square yard, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80, and 82 Friend Street. New England Carpet Company, Boston.

STRAW CARPETINGS, JAPAN AND CANNON MATTINGS.—A portion of a cargo from a recent cargo sale. These mattings are fresh and comprise the finest qualities and most beautiful fancy styles. Will be sold to the trade or at retail at less than the market prices, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend Street. New England Carpet Company, Boston.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.—The trade supplied at manufacturer's prices, at our new warehouse, New England Carpet Company, Boston.

ENGLISH TAPESTRY CARPETING at popular low prices, at our new warehouse, New England Carpet Company, Boston.

INGRAIN CARPETINGS.—English, Lowell, Hartford, and other makes of Extra Superdines and 3-Plys in the new colorings and most modern and stylish patterns, just received at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend Street. New England Carpet Company, Boston.

THE CHEAPEST YET.—Yard wide Carpetings, in imitation of 3-Plys, for 37 cents per yard. We have just received 100 rolls of these goods from Saxony, England. They are the best low-priced carpets that have ever been offered in this market, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend Street. New England Carpet Company, Boston.

July 13, 1871



This is an age of inquiry, and people are beginning to realize the magnitude of the evil caused by the use of injurious preparations for the hair, which are prepared and forced into the market by men who are not practical physicians and may not be aware of the injury they are producing. These preparations have been analyzed by competent chemists and shown to contain poisonous substances, causing Nervousness, Headache, Paralysis, and often fatal results.

In contrast with such injurious articles appears the Hair Restorer prepared by Dr. R. Greene, Superintendent of the Boston Medical Institute, who has been a successful physician in Boston for more than a quarter of a century. Dr. Greene uses Vegetable Remedies only, and can assure the public that his Hair Restorer will do all that is claimed for it, without a possibility of injury.

I have tested a sample of Dr. Greene's Hair Restorer, and find that no poisonous metals or injurious matter exist in it.

C. T. JACKSON, State Assayer.

The use of this Hair Restorer for twenty-five years has tested its superiority as a dressing, and its power to preserve the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. It removes dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, preserves its natural color, restores it when prematurely gray, renders it soft and glossy, promotes its healthy growth, and is the best dressing ever discovered. While other preparations are sold at almost any price, Dr. Greene's Hair Restorer has sustained its good qualities, its price, and its reputation. It is prepared by Dr. R. Greene, at the

Medical Institute, 34 Temple Place, Boston, and sold at \$1 per bottle, or six for \$5, sent by express to any part of the country. Pamphlet sent free. May 18, 1871.

A. A. CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING OR PINE TAR SOAP. For the Toilet, Bath and Nursery this soap has no equal. It preserves the complexion fair, removes all dandruff, keeps the hair soft and silky, and prevents it from falling off, and is "the best hair Renovator in use."

It cures chapped hands, plagues, salt rheum, frost-bite, burns, all diseases of the scalp and skin, catarrh of the head, and is a

GOOD SHAVING SOAP.

This soap has already won the praise and esteem of many of our first families in this city and throughout the country. It is used extensively by our best physicians. Wherever used, it has become a household necessity. We advise all to try it. For sale by all dealers. One special Agent wanted in each town.

A. A. CONSTANTINE & CO., 43 ARN STREET, NEW YORK CITY. June 1, 241 261 cow.

WORK.

Profitable and useful employment in canvassing for the Monthly, and Weekly Editions of the CHRISTIAN at WORK. Rev. Stephen H. Tynz, Jr., Editor in Chief. NOT DENOMINATIONAL. Address, H. W. ADAMS, 27 Beekman St., New York. Dec. 22, 91 41

Hamilton Camp-meeting.

The Committee on Lots will be at the Grove, July 6, and the first and third Tuesday of each month, at 2 o'clock.

No person will be allowed to dig up or cut a tree, on any part of the grounds, without first obtaining the consent of the Committee.

Railroad tickets, at camp-meeting prices, can be purchased in Boston, at the store of J. P. MAGEE, 36 Bromfield Street, and in Lynn, at the Depot.

The Camp-meeting commences on the 22d, and closes on the 29th of August next.

JOHN G. CARY, Sec'y. June 1, 1871